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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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BOSTON CHARLEY, MURDERER OF REV. DR. THOMAS.



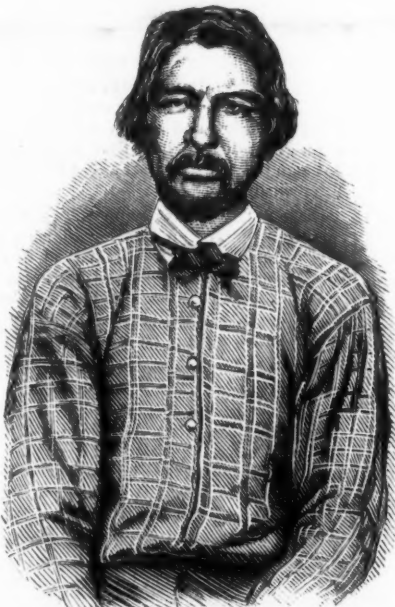
SHACK NASTY JIM.



HOOKEE JIM, THE OPPONENT OF MR. DWYER.



SCAR-FACED CHARLEY, THE FRIEND OF STEELE.



DONALD M'KAY, THE HALF-BREED WARM SPRING SCOUT WHO TRAILED THE MODOCS.



CAPTAIN JACK.



ONE-EYED DIXIE, THE SQUAW INTERPRETER.



SCHONCHIN, WHO TRIED TO MURDER MEACHAM.



STEAMBOAT FRANK, GEN. DAVIS'S GUIDE.



CURLY-HEADED DOCTOR, THE MODOC MEDICINE MAN.



BOGUS CHARLEY, THE MODOC BETRAYER.

THE MODOC INDIANS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. F. WATKINS, SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 287.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

TO OUR READERS.

With this number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we publish a Supplement containing the final chapters of Mrs. Edwards's highly interesting story, "A VAGABOND HEROINE," and we trust that the tale has afforded much pleasure to those who have perused it.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON looks like Napoleon the Great. He is of heroic and dramatic character. He is capable of inspiring enthusiasm. He is now in Paris, and has much to do with the future of France.

THE railroads are far ahead of the newspapers in their efforts toward independent journalism. They are generally refusing to give newspaper men free passes. The result will be that the newspapers will no longer praise the railroads when they do not deserve it—which is a great gain for the people who think that newspapers always tell the truth. If the watering-place hotels will now refuse to give newspaper men free drinks we shall learn how bad some sea-side liquor is.

THE Fall political campaign promises to be one of turmoil and bitterness. Everywhere the Republican Party is demoralized. Since the Presidential election the affairs of Louisiana, of Arkansas and of Massachusetts have not been without their effect upon the strength of that party. In New York State, the Custom House politicians are utterly routed. The coming fight is to be upon Congressmen, and we have no doubt that when it is over there will be a greater opposition in the Lower House than there was last session.

THE Secretary of the Navy has sent an expedition after Captain Hall. But cannot this polarizing business be stopped after this last attempt? We can see no earthly reason why one set of men should spend their lives trying to punch the bows of ships through icebergs and die in the attempt, and another set spend their precious lives trying to discover the first set's bones. Suppose one or two fellows should get through to the pole; what good would it do them? and what would they do with the pole after they found it? They couldn't tie a ship to it, or grow beans on it, or go a-fishing with it, or get Butler to climb it for a jumping-jack. Then why bother about it?

THE NEW LIBERAL CAMPAIGN.

ON Thursday of last week the Liberal Republicans of New York State met to consult about the future of their party. General Cochrane was the leading speaker, Colonel F. A. Conkling, the acting parliamentarian, and Mr. Charles P. Shaw, the enthusiastic mover of resolutions. Mr. Fenton was absent; but among those who attended were Thomas E. Stewart, A. W. Wilkinson, S. C. Taber, Ira O. Miller, T. Glaubensky, H. N. Twombly, and Rufus Andrews. The meeting was informal and respectable; and the immediate result of it was the passage of resolutions of adherence to the Cincinnati platform and of a desire for a State Convention.

The more remote result of this meeting is wisely summed up by the *World*, which is satisfied with the determination of the Liberal Republicans to organize and work without a Democratic alliance in this State. That paper believes that if the Liberal Republicans have a separate ticket they will show their real strength; and probably if they show little, the *World* will demand that all opposition to the Grant Republican Party shall be Democratic.

But we think that something besides a showing of rivalries ought to be developed. If the neck of the Custom House monster in this State is to be broken, it can be done only by a combination of all the forces of opposition. There is neither reason nor policy in any movement in which men calling themselves Liberal Republicans affect to scorn an alliance with men who have been Democrats. The Democratic Party is not very strong; there are incidents in its history that no Democrat likes to hear recited; but in its present attitude there is nothing disgraceful or unpatriotic.

We would prefer that the Democratic Party and the Liberal Republican Party in the country at large should not so pertinaciously adhere to the charm or the stigma of a word. The Liberal Republicans could lose one-half their title without detriment to themselves; and if they are not pharisaical they will demand of the Democrats, a loss not of respect or of principles, but only of what is a bugbear

in their name. Something should be surrendered to policy, even if policy is unreasonably squeamish.

The policy of this journal, that the coming political movement ought to be of that of the honest masses of the people against corrupt and temporizing politicians, is more than seconded by the resolutions of the old Democrats of Allen County, Ohio. They announce that they will hold a convention, at which neither of the worn-out political parties, and none of the suspected politicians, shall receive consideration. This movement is openly a popular, and not a political one. These Democrats, declaring themselves no longer Democrats, are not so bigoted as to throw all the blame of corruption on the politicians. They merely declare that corruption exists, and they suggest that demoralization inheres in our political system, for which the people themselves are responsible. So they declare for the people against demoralization.

We hope that the lesson of this latest movement will not be lost upon the Liberal Republicans of New York State. If they will declare in favor of an Anti-Politician's Party—if they will resolve that men like Weed, Murphy, Smith, Bliss, Tweed, Creamer and Van Nort, who make politics a means of livelihood, and spoil every popular purpose they have any dealings with, shall no longer misrepresent their constituents, they will gather about them the honest men of all dead and dying parties, and do great good. But they must not do this thing for the sake of getting others out of office, that they may get in.

BUTLER AND MASSACHUSETTS.

THE political career of General Butler is one of those phenomena which are seldom seen in any country. It is no easy matter to estimate his qualities either for good or evil. One thing, however, is certain—namely, that no man ever obtained power and a distinction separate from mere notoriety, under such storms of obloquy as were showered upon him. He is a sort of political Ishmaelite. The Republicans fear him without concealment, and the Democrats hate him without stint. It is doubtful if the President is more thoroughly despised or more warmly supported by any member of his party. It is certain that no member of Congress clings more persistently to the Republican organization or more shrewdly opposes the plans of its leaders. It was once a *bon mot* at Washington that Butler was the warmest friend of the Administration and the most earnest enemy of its policy, and none laughed more heartily at the paradox than the statesman from Essex. When he proclaimed himself God-made, Cox evidently was apt in reminding him that he did not look like his father. He is certainly far from being an angel. There are many worse public men with better reputations—many men more trusted, who are far less trustworthy. Altogether a bundle of contradictions, General Butler has long been the most abused man in the country.

We are led to these remarks by the apparent leadership which General Butler exercises over the Republican Party of Massachusetts. It seems probable that he will be the next Governor of that State. The position is one for which he has long been striving. He has looked forward to it as the goal of his ambition. There has scarcely been an hour since the war that it was out of his thoughts. Yet for years it has seemed a hopeless endeavor even for a politician so acute and so persistent. He had warm friends and bitter enemies; but his enemies were more powerful than his friends. And they hated him with the fierce hatred of men who smile a virtuous reason for their wrath. Dawes, Washburn, and others, were most active in their measures against him, and now they are lost to public favor, and he lives to triumph over them.

The method by which results such as these are attained must, of necessity, be a peculiar method. It requires watching and waiting—patience while an opportunity is coming, and celerity and skill when it comes. Few men could pursue a policy so imperative in its requirements; but it is exactly fitted to General Butler's mental organization. Like the *quasi* Count of Monte Cristo, he thoroughly understood the affairs of his enemies, and he followed them one by one, till most of those he had occasion to fear were out of his path. As they fell before him, he took care that all the world should know that they were dead. Governor Washburn beat him for the gubernatorial nomination at Worcester. Two years afterwards, and when Washburn's term of office had not half expired, Massachusetts was full of the story that the men who supported him most warmly were recreant to the Republican cause, and had gone over to the Liberals and the Democracy. It was no mere campaign lie, and accordingly they were looked upon as betrayers, and Washburn himself was only half trusted. Then the *Credit Mobilier* exposures came, and Butler saw that the time had arrived for the interment of Dawes. The guilty Congressman's crude negotiations were reversed, and his feeble subterfuges were overturned. The fierce speech at Worcester was repaid by a fierce reply, and Dawes could not fail to see that Butler was the inspiration of the hard assaults upon him. He was stripped at once of his character for integrity and veracity by the man whom he had so bitterly assailed, and then he was beaten by Boutwell for the Senate, simply

because he was devoid of honesty and truth. It was a blow from which no public man could speedily recover, and Butler at once became the leader of his party, instead of a faction of his party.

It was a singular and unexpected revolution that gave this hated and detested man the political ascendancy he now holds. It would have been dramatic had it not been so quietly executed. As it is, it is startling when we look at it with unprejudiced eyes. The bold, bad man is not seen to have done a wrong in accepting stock in the *Credit Mobilier*, at a time when so many so-called Christian statesmen, his enemies, were found to have fallen. To say the least of it, it is an anomaly, and suggests the idea that if this man had not engineered the Bill for back-pay, his chances for future preferment in the Republican Party would not even be doubted.

REPUBLICANISM IN EUROPE.

"A REVOLUTION of thought," says Wendell Phillips, "always precedes a revolution of arms." While news-telegraphers are busying themselves with sending us European reports that the pallid eunuchs and black-towered women of Constantinople are fearing that the Sultan will die, and while we are told that turkey-cock MacMahon is grandly receiving ex-imperial visitors, the quieter correspondents and observers are discovering that "republicanism seems to be rapidly increasing," and that "Victoria is likely to be the last monarch of England, and William the last king of Prussia." What the people are thinking is of more importance than what kings are doing.

In England the masses no longer believe that "the king is divine." The crowds along the road that Victoria travels gaze sullenly, thinking that after all the sad, dumpy woman is only a national pensioner. The English ideal has lost its half-feudal shape of a kingly fetic, and becomes that of a popular government that shall not cost much nor do much. It is the earnest, unpoetical thought of the man at the Sheffield grindstone and of the man at the Macclesfield loom. The English are not likely to dream of glory, but only of that which is local and healthful and sturdy; and if they had their way to-morrow, they would create a substantial, unsentimental republic whose subjects might eat their bread in comfort and praise God, the great Master-mechanic of Britain.

The French, on the other hand, have a more poetical dream, whose consummation is art. They demand a government that shall not only make the getting of bread less burdensome to the lowest, but that shall also entertain the people. They desire to worship a national representative, who shall be both poor and glorious, and they wish to be excited. The average Frenchman is a Bowersky boy with the soul of St. John. In whatever he does, from Richelieu to Guizot—even to lowly Gambetta—his idea and his speech are of nationalized sublimity. His ideal government is a French glory. The Republic of France has its Bethlehem in the Commune, and its consummation in the Millennium.

Across the Rhine is a people more thoughtful than the French, but whose thought is less intense and less dramatic. We saw in 1848, as we see in 1873, that the German is not without his ideal government—the Republic. In Germany, the people are far removed, in thought, in sentiment, and in all the hopes of life, from their rulers. The German is not a crazed and dreamy Faust, born among cobwebs and bred upon beer. He is the one man of our times who thinks and speaks freely, but not bitterly, and though Americans have been fond of picturing him as one whose head is in the clouds, the last European war taught us that he is always ready to prove his thought by his act. He may not yet be tired of the Empire, but we know that above the Empire and its nobles he knows no word so sweet as the Fatherland.

Besides these, we see the people of Russia, usually accounted to be gently faithful to the Czar, forming social unions for purposes in antagonism not only to the Russian Government, but to accepted customs everywhere. Serbia is in the possession of a brave people, who have made democracy a science and who are ambitious to form a great Serbian nation along the Danube.

There have been causes during the last five years to check republican action in Europe. But republican ideas have not ceased to exist. The grand victories of Prussia have had the effect to nationalize its people, and, notwithstanding a want of federal sentiment in Germany, we see that people giving applause to their rulers. The peaceful purposes of Alexander have prevented risings in Russia. The atrocities of the Commune made a popular government in France for a while distasteful to conservative men. And if Englishmen hesitate about the Republic, it is because they have seen in America popular representatives getting wealthy at the expense of their constituents, and ignorance petting its horses and drinking itself to intoxication beneath the very shadow of the mansion once occupied by a President. But if America before Europe is a foul, weak monster of corruption and governmental failure, Europe need not lose the republican ideas which were once the study of Jefferson.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

St. Louis ca' the Chicago thing a "hell-bellee."

PEOPLE think that President MacMahon looks like Beauregard.

CHARLES REAGAN, it is said, has another novel idea, and will stop writing.

It is hinted that James Gordon Bennett is the author of "Betsey and I are Out."

PRESIDENT MACMAHON has muzzled the Paris Press. He has not forgotten his old master, Louis Napoleon.

NEAR friends of the President say that he likes dogs, because they are always willing to give him their paw.

AND now we are to have Aldrich, the sweet and gentle, and Stedman the gentle and sweet, writing a book together.

PARSON BROWNLOW says that better men than Ben. Butler have been hanged. But worse men than Brownlow haven't been hanged.

SINCE Parton wrote his last chapter, there are critics who wish to know how much soap a politician can make out of the "campaign lie."

THE Shah of Persia is going to import "the Western sciences" into the Orient. He should visit America and learn the science of grabitation.

WE may say that Charles Dudley Warner, that most delicious of down-east sentimentalists, is not writing a work entitled "Back-pay Studies."

THE usually hypercritical *Nation* thinks it wrote a good article on a certain subject, but that the *Tribune* excelled it. Who wrote the article for the *Tribune*?

A KENTISH man recently, for want of a pound sterling, took an ounce of laudanum, and died. He thought an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure.

THE London *Observer* thinks that New York Harbor has nothing in it worthy of comparison with the London Pool. We had a pool in Erie not long ago, that shook even London.

THE publicists of Europe are anxious to have Spain try many financial experiments in order to spring into a new, grand national life. What Spain really needs is an industrious people.

It is said that John G. Saxe is to edit a new paper in Brooklyn. Mr. Saxe may or may not be able to edit a new paper in Brooklyn; but we thought that he came over with Columbus, and was a 1492-dinarian.

THE English were disappointed with the Shah of Persia, probably because he had sent home his beautiful wives and had come alone. When they saw the Oriental potentate, they all exclaimed: "There comes the—Pshah!"

EARL ROSSE, of telescopic fame, tries to show that the sun warms up the moon for breakfast every morning, and that we really get from her a great deal of heat that is not reflected. But some of the scientists affect to believe it is all moonshine.

EVEN Butler excites sympathy; for a Boston correspondent of an interior journal writes: "General Butler has been called a man of brass, but he is a good deal more like a rod of iron, or, as a follower of his said the other day, he is like oxide of iron." Why not be done with it, and say he is squint-eyed of iron?

THE Chinese at home are arming and training, and we shall probably hear that the Pekinese are refusing to work alongside of Caucasians, and that American cheap labor will receive a check by the cutting off of sundry American pig-tails just above the wearer's shoulders. It is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

ONE reason why the farmers' candidate for Judge in Illinois was elected has at last come to light. His opponent intimated that lawyers were better fitted than farmers for selecting a Judge. At this the Illinois farmers took umbrage, and *did* select and elect their candidate. It was very good honesty, but very poor policy, to say that the farmers did not know much about law. It would have been better to twit them with knowing nothing about farming, and to have said that they didn't "know beans."

THERE was one feature in the case of Mr. Charles A. Dana's arrest, last week, that must have been galling to a man of refinement, and that was his being taken before that little snip, Davenport. To have been face to face with a Commissioner in the person of that facial pin-wheel, Ben. Butler, or of Tom Thumb, or of Wagner, would have been an honor, in comparison with being before Davenport. If leading editors are to be arrested for fighting corruption, won't Mr. Grant appoint decent men for officials?

COLONEL JOHN W. FORNEY could very easily write a good book; and in his collection of "Anecdotes of Public Men" he has in nowise failed. He is one of the clearest and most forcible of writers, knowing his subject, and never tearing a passion to tatters. His book is very much like his paper, conservative in tone, yet lacking none of the forces of style that make a book or a paper interesting; and in this new volume there are so many pleasant truths worthy of the writer, that one hesitates to decide whether it shall find a place on one's shelves beside Greeley's grave "Recollections," or rather beside the delicious diary of Tom Moore.



Mr. Bradlaugh wants to have the people of England educated before they proclaim a republic. But they already hunt a hare, eat bread, and want rest, with as much avidity as if they were noblemen. If political wisdom always depended upon university education there would be no Cobbetts, no Jacksons, and no American Congress. Perhaps, we would be better off without the latter; but it does seem true that the rough, honest impulses of Jackson were of more worth to America than the florid and polite education of Nicholas Biddle. And it is doubtful that the people of England would spend money more unwisely than the House of Lords, or that Mr. Secretary Fish's education left him anything but a very stupid man.

## MILL'S LAST DAY WITH MORLEY.

HENRY MORLEY, the brilliant philosophical essayist and editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, thus describes the events of the last day that John Stuart Mill spent with him:

"He (Mr. Mill) came down by a morning train to G— station, where I was waiting for him. He was in his most even and mellow humor. We walked in a leisurely way and through roundabout tracks for some four hours along the ancient green road, which you know, over the high grassy downs, into old chalk pits, picturesque with juniper and yew, across heaths and commons, and so up to our windy promontory, where the majestic prospect stirred him with lively delight. You know he is a fervent botanist, and every ten minutes he stooped to look at this or that on the path. Unluckily, I am ignorant of the very rudiments of the matter, so his parenthetic enthusiasms were lost upon me.

"Of course, he talked, and talked well. He admitted that Goethe had added new points of view to life, but has a deep dislike of his moral character; wondered how a man who could draw the sorrows of a deserted woman like *Aurilia*, in 'Wilhelm Meister,' should yet have behaved so systematically ill to women. Goethe tried as hard as he could to be a Greek, yet his failure to produce anything perfect in form except a few lyrics proves the irresistible expansion of the modern spirit, and the inadequateness of the Greek type to modern needs of activity and expression. Greatly prefers Schiller in all respects; turning to him from Goethe is like going into the fresh air from a hot-house.

"Spoke of style; thinks Goldsmith unsurpassed; then Addison comes. Greatly dislikes the style of Junius and of Gibbon; indeed thinks meanly of the latter in all respects, except for his research, which alone of the work of that century stands the test of nineteenth century criticism. Did not agree with me that George Sand's is the high-water mark of prose, but yet could not name anybody higher, and admitted that her prose stirs you like music.

"Seemed disposed to think that the most feasible solution of the Irish University question is a Catholic University, the restrictive and obscurantist tendencies of which you may expect to have checked by the active competition of life with men trained in more enlightened systems. Spoke of Home Rule.

"Made remarks on the difference in the feeling of modern refusers of Christianity as compared with that of men like his father, impassioned deniers, who believed that if only you broke up the power of the priests and checked superstition, all would go well—a dream from which they were powerfully awakened by seeing that the French revolution, which overthrew the Church, still did not bring the millennium. His radical friends used to be very angry with him for loving Wordsworth. 'Wordsworth,' I used to say, 'is against you, no doubt, in the battle which you are now waging, but after you have won, the world will need more than ever those qualities which Wordsworth is keeping alive and nourishing.' In his youth mere negation of religion was a firm bond of union, social and otherwise, between men who agreed in nothing else.

"Spoke of the modern tendency to pure theism, and met the objection that it retards improvement by turning the minds of some of the best men from social affairs, by the counter proposition that it is useful to society, apart from the question of its truth—useful as a provisional belief, because people will identify serviceable ministry to men with service of God. Thinks we cannot, with any sort of precision, define the coming modification of religion, but anticipates that it will undoubtedly rest upon the solidarity of mankind, as Comte said, and as you and I believe. Perceives two things, at any rate, which are likely to lead men to invest this with the moral authority of a religion; first, they will become more and more impressed by the awful fact that a piece of conduct to-day may prove a curse to men and women scores and even hundreds of years after the author of it is dead; and second, they will more and more feel that they can only satisfy their sentiment of gratitude to seen or unseen benefactors, can only repay the untold benefits they have inherited, by diligently maintaining the traditions of service.

"And so forth, full of interest and suggestiveness all through. When he got here, he chatted to R— over lunch, with something of the simple amiableness of a child, about the wild-flowers, the ways of insects, and notes of birds. He was impatient for the song of the nightingale. Then I drove him to our roadside station, and one of the most delightful days of my life came to its end, like all other days, delightful and sorrowful."

The French have always been fond of news. Caesar mentions in his "Commentaries" that the Gauls ran after strangers, and mobbed them to ask whether they had any intelligence to communicate; and this practice became in time such a nuisance, by reason of the false rumors which obtained credence, that among the well-ordered tribes a law was made enjoining that strangers should first be taken before the authorities, who would decide in their wisdom what items of their information had best be kept secret.

## UPHEAVAL OF AUSTRALIA.

THE gradual upheaval of portions of the coast of Australia was first remarked, we believe, by the late Mr. John Kent, who was the commissariat officer in charge, in the early days, of the penal settlement of Moreton Bay. Mr. S. H. Wintie, of Hobart Town, has sent an interesting communication on the same subject, which is thus referred to by the *Sydney Empire*. He contends that the shells found in heaps in Tasmania cannot have been left where they are found by the aborigines, because the heaps contain the remains of testaceous mollusks, too minute to have been of any service to the blacks, and he attributes the presence of bits of charcoal in such heaps to drift agency. His description of one of these shell deposits is interesting. This deposit is situated at Sandy Bay, an indent of the estuary of the River Derwent, distant from Hobart Town about two miles. In a bank formed by a road-cutting, distance sixty yards inland, and forty feet above high-water mark, exists a shell-bed three feet in thickness. The shells have a matrix of dark, argillaceous soils, and beyond being more or less comminuted, especially the bivalves, exhibit few traces of geological age. Above the shell-bed reposes a stratum of brown clay, having no traces of organisms, and that, in turn, reposes on coarse-grained yellow sand-stone, traversed by veins of marl, near its surface. The shells are all of genera and species now found living in the water only sixty yards in front and below the deposit. In this bed a spoon-bowl shaped fossil bone was found by a laborer employed in making the road, five years ago. \* \* \* I have little doubt that it is the bone of the pygidial process of some cetacean. It is 2½ inches in length, by 2¼ inches in breadth, and presents no further signs of decay than the associated shells do. Mr. Wintie describes many similar shell-beds which he has examined in Tasmania, and affirms that the analogues of these beds exist in Victoria and New South Wales. He considers that these and analogous facts prove that there is an oscillation of the land toward the Polar regions, and that the coast of Australia is slowly rising at no less than sixteen feet in a century, while during the dawn of the pleistocene epochs a wide tract of land sunk down whereby New Zealand became separated from the mainland of Australia.

MINNEHAHA FALLS will be sold to satisfy a mortgage. Not very poetical.

## A RUSSIAN BARGAIN.

WHEN two Russian merchants are about to conduct a purchase or sale, they begin by swallowing half a dozen cups of tea, smoking a score or so of cigarettes, talking about the weather, the crops, their families, their neighbors, and in this way they edge up to the subject which is uppermost in their minds. If you want to buy a dog, you must begin by pretending that you want to sell a cat with a litter of kittens; the other party does not want to buy any feline property, nor does he know any person who would accept it. At this stage of the conversation you may venture to hint your desires in the dog line, and after more tea, or something stronger, and more cigarettes, you can conclude the negotiations.

At Irkutsk I wanted to buy a sleigh for a journey westward, and hearing of a man who had one for sale, went to see it. A Russian acquaintance went with me, and after an introduction to the merchant we sat down in his parlor to drink a glass of *nalifka*, a sort of home-made cordial analogous to currant wine, though somewhat stronger. We drank *nalifka* at least half an hour before we touched upon the topic of business, and it was introduced very gingerly by my companion, who ventured to remark the deep sorrow which had fallen upon him in consequence of my prospective departure from Irkutsk. Then we took another drink, and it was hinted that I could not leave without a vehicle of some sort. This axiomatic proposition required moistening like its predecessor, and so, step by step, we went on for a quarter of an hour, drinks alternating with hints, and hints with drinks, until we took another drink, and went into the yard to look at the sleigh. We had a fresh glass of *nalifka* when we returned from the yard, and another and another as the talk went on, until by the time the business was ended, and I had paid over the money, my unaccustomed head was whirling like a rifle-ball, and I would have found it difficult to see any difference between a sleigh and side-wheel steamboat. My companion assured me if we had gone at it in the blunt American way we would have spoiled the whole affair, and I should have been compelled to look elsewhere for a vehicle.

The young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased, found that he couldn't please any.

## CAVE OF THE WINDS.

A CURIOUS discovery was made by a Mr. Frear, who purchased, not long ago, 100 acres of land on Kittling Mountain, near the Delaware Gap, in Pennsylvania. While examining this purchase one day, he discovered near the base of the mountain a wall ten or twelve feet high, laid up against a perpendicular precipice of apparently solid rock. He took down a portion of the wall, and came to an opening in the rock large enough to permit the passage of his body. The instant the opening was uncovered a strong current of air escaped. It was so cold, that in a very short time Mr. Frear was chilled through and through. However, he determined to explore the cavern in spite of his cool reception, and entered an opening, preceded by a dog, which also possessed a turn for the investigation of the mysterious. On passing the portals of the cave, he found himself in a large chamber with walls of rough and jagged rocks; but the cold was so intense that he could not explore the cave further than 50 feet, and no person has since been able to penetrate further than 60

feet under the mountains. The draft of air from the opening is so strong that trees are swayed by it 100 feet distant. Four minutes will bring numbness upon any person who stands in this draft. A thermometer standing at 90 degrees above zero will, if placed in the current, fall to 20 degrees in eight minutes. The cave is visited by hundreds, but no explanation has yet been discovered. Mr. Frear found a piece of pure lead, a gun-barrel, and some bones in the cavern, but threw them into the river before thinking to ascertain whether the bones were human or not. Some future explorer will be likely to find a deposit of bones which he will determine are not human; for the dog which preceded Mr. Frear into the mysterious regions beyond those which his master reached is still pushing his investigations, and as he has been gone several weeks, it is doubtful whether he ever returns to report his discoveries.

The surest way to lose your health is to drink other people's.

## THE ARABIAN HORSE.

THE Arabian is still one of the most distinct varieties of this noble animal, and also one of the most prized, being eagerly sought for by the Turks and Christians in Asia, Southern Russia, India, and even Australia. In his native deserts he is still sometimes to be seen in a half-wild state, though most probably owned by some of the "dwellers in tents" peculiar to that region. But it is the most domestic breed with which we have chiefly to do, and which is carefully preserved in a pure state by the chief of the various tribes, though it is supposed not so free from stain now as was formerly the case. The head of the Arab horse is the most beautiful model of nature, giving the idea of courage tempered with docility and submission to man better than any other animal, and even more so than the dog.

It is seldom, perhaps, that so beautiful a frame exists; but examples are not wanting of such a union of elegance with perfect good and useful points. The length and muscularity of the fore-arm are also remarkable, and the setting on of the tail is peculiarly high—points which have been generally transmitted to our thoroughbred horses, descended from Arabian blood. Many modern horses of this breed are exceedingly wicked and full of tricks, especially in India, where an Arab horse is synonymous with a kicker and biter, and plunger; but at the same time he is valued because he is always a good hack, and bears out the heat of the Indian Summer without injury. To the modern sportsman he is valuable because he faces the elephant and tiger better than any other breed. In height, he is generally a little under fifteen hands high; and in color, either bay, black or gray.

The Barb is an African horse, of smaller size, but of coarser make than the Arabian, and evidently fed on more nutritious food. As his name implies, his native land is Barbary; but there is always great doubt as to what particular breed the imported horses belong, because they are carried considerable distances from their native plains, and are also even then mixed in blood. It is generally supposed that the Barb is the progenitor of one root of our best English stock, and the Godolphin Arabian, as he was called, belonged to this blood; but the disputed point cannot possibly be settled, as there is only one argument in favor of the supposition, founded upon his enormously high crest; while his superior size, being fifteen hands high, argues just as strongly in favor of his Arab descent. But the Spanish horse is, no doubt, descended from the Barb, thus having been carried into Spain by the Moors when they overran the country; and, as the appearance of the Spanish horse is totally opposed to that of the descendants of Godolphin, it is a still stronger proof of the Arabian ancestry; or, at all events, an argument against his claim to Barbary as a native climate.

Light is like a burglar—it is continually breaking in upon somebody.

## THE WOMEN OF VIENNA.

YOU can see crowds everywhere, and, perhaps, as splendid equipages, saddle-horses and toilets in other places, but nowhere else can you see women so tall, stately and robust, mantled with that richness of color and gladness of expression which are the products of a fine physical organization. They are for the most part decided blondes, or decided brunettes—Germans and Magyars—but they all seem to be cast in the same large mold, and invested with the magnificence. In the vitality and affluence of their charms, and the scale of their ample stature, they seem to be the very women that pray, smile or dance on the warm and glowing canvas of Rubens. This implies, and is meant to imply, that their beauty is not of the finest order. In that respect our own fair countrywomen are, I honestly believe, unrivaled; but, on the other hand, they are inferior in physique to these Austrian dames. They may speak purer German in Dresden and Hanover, and the German *cultus* may have no unpolluted shrine out of Berlin, but undoubtedly it is in Vienna that German womanhood attains the highest physical perfection.

An aristocratic Fifth Avenue papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

## ASCENT OF MOUNT LYELE, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

AMONG the many trips in and around the Yosemite Valley, there is one just accomplished worthy of remark. It was the ascent of Mount Lyell, 13,500 feet above the level of the sea, undertaken by two young tourists, John S. Naylor, of Philadelphia, and Fred W. Neild, of England, accompanied, as guide, by Professor John Muir, a

man of considerable scientific attainments, who has been residing in the valley for a few years past, making a study of the glaciers in the Sierra Nevada. The expedition is the more remarkable from the fact that it was never done before so early in the year, and was never accomplished on foot previously. The few parties who have succeeded in making the ascent journeyed thither on horse, and late in the Summer. But the young men, with their blankets and provisions, consisting merely of crackers, cheese, tea and bacon, strapped to their backs, started off on foot on Sunday morning, June 1st, and were out till the following Friday evening. The route pursued was up Indian Cañon to Lake Tenaya, thence across the Tuolumne Meadows to Soda Springs, and then passing Mount Dana, following up the Lyell fork of the Tuolumne River to the base of the mountain; returning by the same route to Soda Springs, and there diverging to Cathedral Valley, passing down through Monterey Valley, entering Yosemite again at the Nevada Falls.

The ascent was made on June 4th, which happened to be the birthday of Mr. Naylor. It was a laborious climb of seven hours over a depth of snow of twenty-five feet; but the view from the summit of the snow-crested Sierra Nevada, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, grand beyond description, amply repaid them for all their trouble. Indeed, the scenery, and the magnificent views along the whole route, were grand, and what very few have seen. They were traveling in the snow most of the time at an altitude varying from 8,000 to 10,000 feet, but enjoyed good health and kept in good spirits—with the exception of a little difficulty in breathing and climbing, owing to the rarity of the air, and suffering somewhat from badly burned faces, caused by the reflection of the sun from the snow.

The party reached Black's hotel again, in the valley, on Friday evening, well satisfied with their trip. It made quite a stir among the people in the valley, many of whom predicted it would not be accomplished.

A LADY, speaking of one of her aversions, said the severest thing on record: "He's almost a perfect brute—he only lacks instinct."

## SOCIAL CUSTOMS IN WEST AFRICA.

A LETTER written to the *Boston Courier* thus describes "society" in West Africa. It says: "The white inhabitants number upward of one thousand, and we found them a very sharp and shrewd set, but hospitable to a fault. The day we landed we accepted an invitation to dine with the leading trader in the place, and much to our surprise were treated to a feast consisting of eight or ten different courses, though between some of them 'twas hard to distinguish any difference. The style of cooking is hardly à l'Americaine, and so strongly was everything impregnated with garlic, cabbage and oil, that it caused us many an involuntary shudder to swallow the numerous eatables with which our plates were heaped. The agility of the servants, however, who instantly removed our plates as soon as we laid down our knives and forks, afforded a means of escape from the more unpalatable dishes, but I assure you it was a great relief when coffee was served and cigars were passed. In the absence of hacks, horse-cars, coaches, and other metropolitan conveyances, the people here ride in a palanquin borne on the shoulders of two negroes, or bestride a bullock, and so pursue the even tenor of their way. To ride a bullock horseback, if I may be pardoned the contradiction of terms, would be a novelty in the streets of Boston, but the writer has found it to be as easy, though, perhaps, not so swift, as the fiery mettled steed. The pleasure of our sojourn here was further heightened by a grand ball given in honor of the Governor, which we attended. There being no public hall or room of state, the festivities were held in a private house, and thither we repaired in dress suits, and entering, made our obeisance to the dignitaries. We found an assemblage of about forty, one-third of whom were of the fairer sex, and of this third, I think two-thirds were fairer than the rest. This represented the *ton* of the place, and was a much better showing than we expected to see. The dress was remarkable for its simplicity, and in one or two cases for its scantiness, but at the same time neatly and tastefully arranged. The ladies had a listless and apathetic expression, and lacked that vivacity and sprightliness so common and becoming to the sex. Four or five black men with as many brass horns furnished the music, each performer striving his utmost to outdo his neighbor in volume of tone and rapidity of execution. The order of dances comprised quadrilles, the lancers, and the various fancy dances. The quadrilles were danced in one set, with as many couples on each side as the size of the room would admit, each side moving all together. At the end of every dance, cake, wine and coffee were served, and the festivities were prolonged until early dawn. Our party, however had seen enough before midnight, and we took our leave, voting the whole affair decidedly slow."

The red nose of a drunkard is a beacon-light to warn others; but there is nothing in the appearance of the habitual tea-drinker to distinguish him from the rest.

## LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.

A "POOR WRITER" of England thus addresses the titled contributors to the periodicals: "Poverty has its rights as well as its duties; and among these is a prescriptive law—often enough violated—that the rich should keep out of the battle. Remember this, if you please, Messieurs the Archbishops, Prime and other Ministers, Deans and dignitaries; and next time you condescend to forward your invaluable, if prosy, contributions to current literature, reflect that they are taken—and would be taken, if they were bad enough to corrupt the taste of a whole generation—for the name they bear. Then, be humble; or, better still, don't send the rubbish at all—I mean the words of wisdom—and let some poor penny-a-liner get the guineas."



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 283.



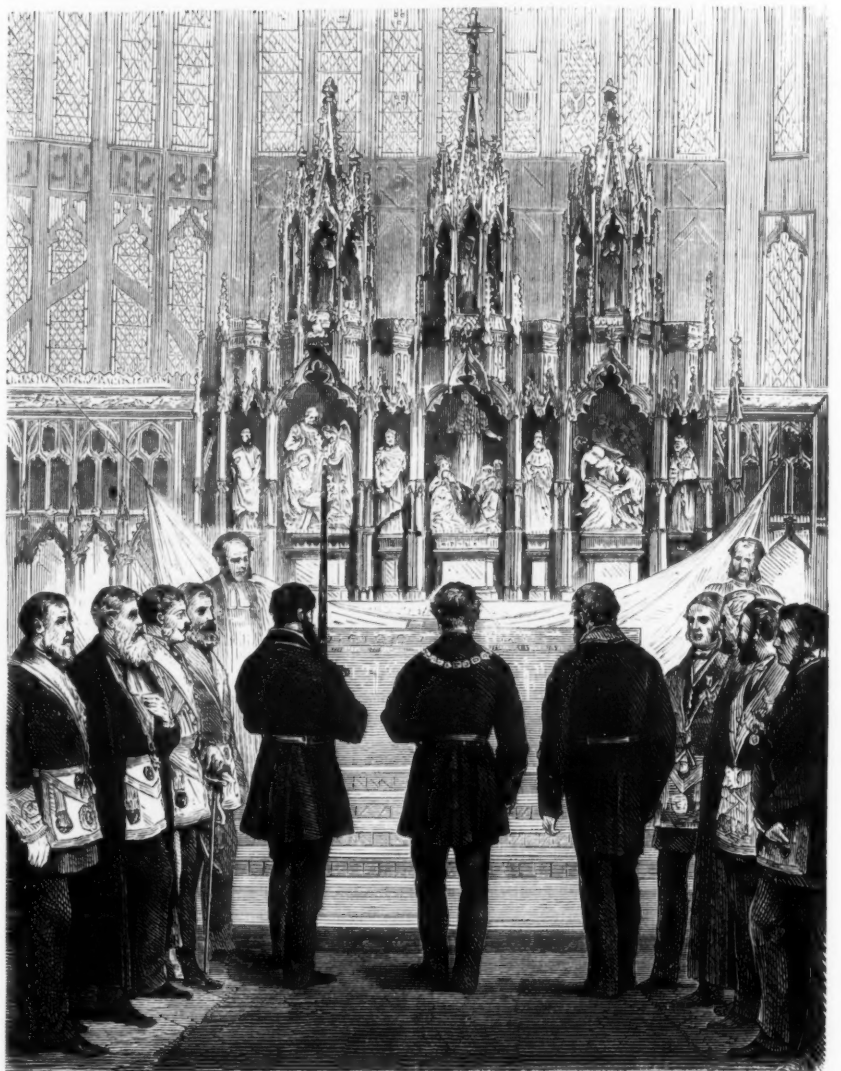
GERMANY.—CHURCH FESTIVAL NEAR MUNICH, BAVARIA.



SPAIN.—THE FÊTE OF ST. ISIDOR, MADRID.



PERSIA.—PILGRIMS, WITH THEIR DEAD, JOURNEYING TO THE SHRINES OF KERBALA AND MESCHID ALI.



ENGLAND.—THE GRAND MASONIC CEREMONY IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL—UNVEILING THE REREDOS.

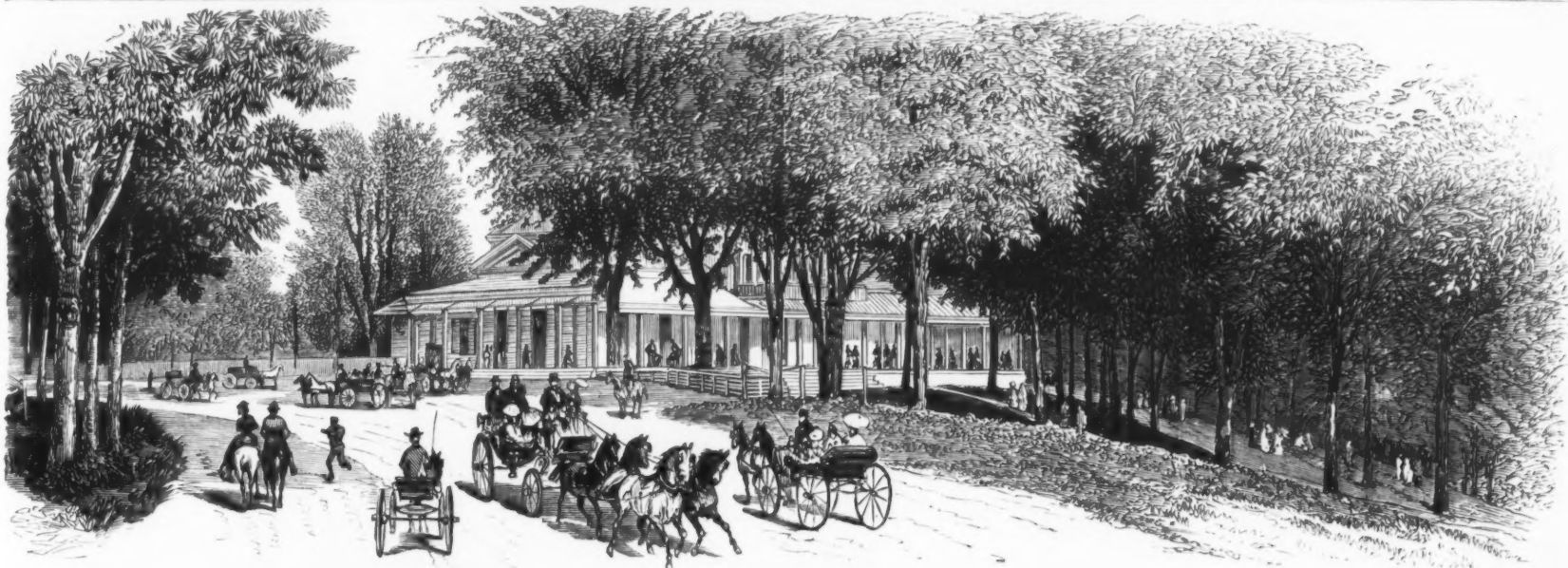


ENGLAND.—CURDS AND WHEY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.



ENGLAND.—THE ROYAL VISIT TO BOLTON—THE RECORDER READING THE ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



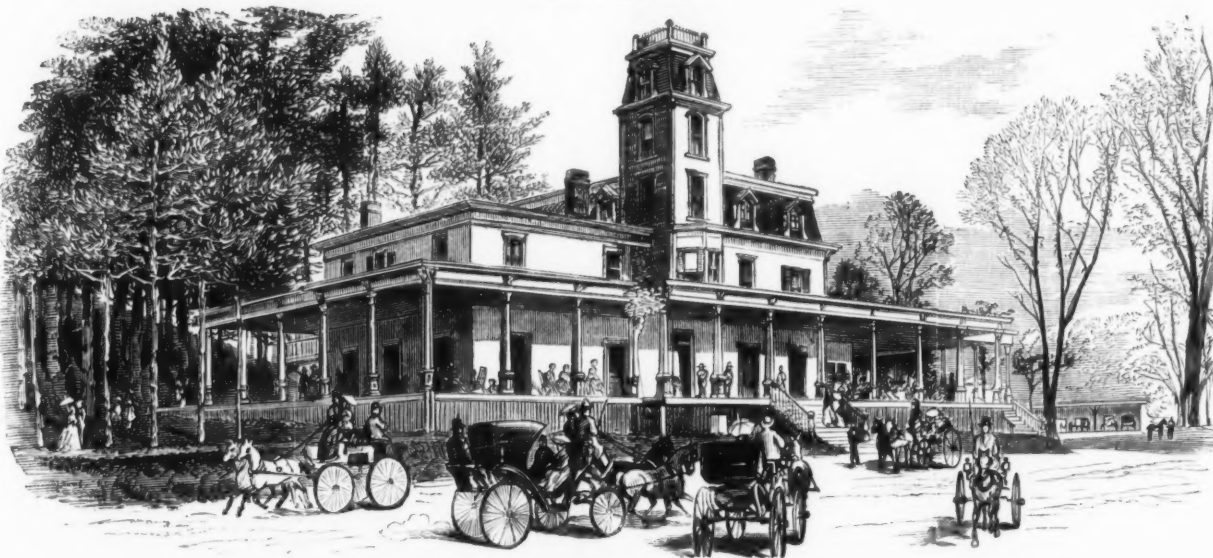


MOON'S LAKE HOUSE.

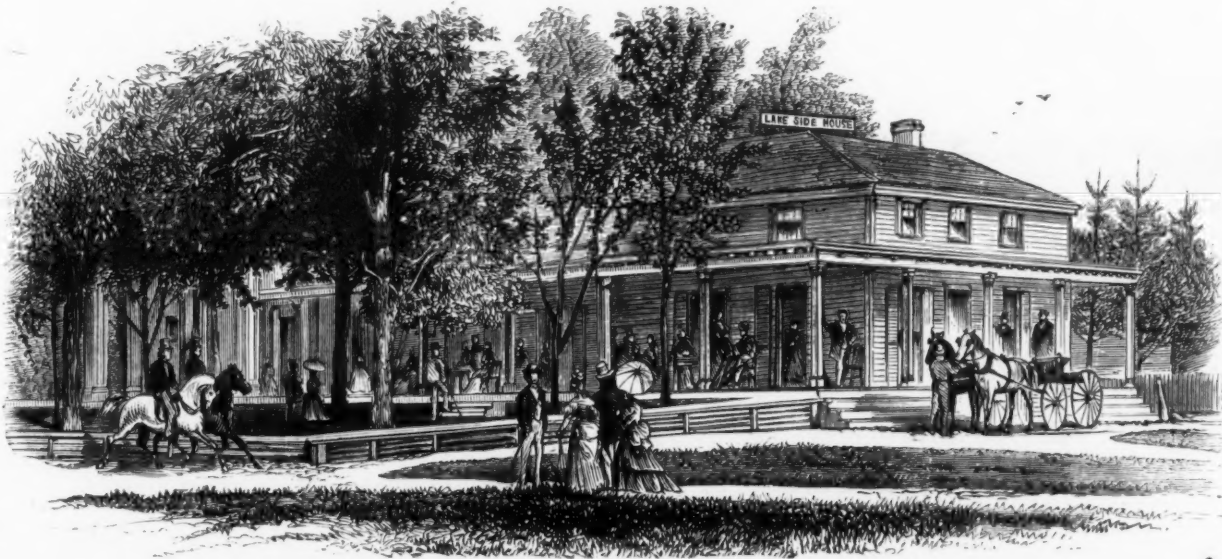
### GLIMPSES OF SARATOGA, THE GREAT AMERICAN SPA.

IN our last sketch of this fashionable watering-place we gave an illustrated view of Broadway, and of some of the principal hotels; but, of course, the pen can hardly do justice to the celebrated resort at a season like the present, when it is thronged with visitors, and so continually presenting kaleidoscopic effects, that its aspect may be said to change hourly. At the present moment, too, it affords so many shady nooks, promenades and delightful drives, that it must be seen and enjoyed to be at all appreciated. Even early as it is, arrivals are constantly pouring in, and the famous Springs, like the Pool of Bethesda, have begun to restore those who have come weary and fainting to their brink. All now is life and animation; and while the pulses begin to play with greater freedom, and, through the benign and almost magical influence of the healing waters, and that of the cool and delicious atmosphere, the invalid already feels the spirit renewed within him, the mere pleasure-seeker commences to experience a new life, which is not to be realized in greater perfection in any other portion of the globe.

There can be no doubt that this centre of health and of the fashionable world is destined to perform a very important part in the history of our country, its claims to consideration being so varied and prominent; for, if viewed from a philosophic standpoint, it may be justly regarded the lungs of this and of more than one neighboring State, where the blood becomes purified and renewed, and the constitution so thoroughly rebuilt, that all who have breathed its in-



GLEN MITCHELL HOTEL.



LAKE-SIDE HOUSE

vigorating air and quaffed of its life-giving fountains, save the incurable, go forth rejoicing in health and strength. This, to great human hives like New York, Boston, and some other cities almost within hail, is a grave desideratum; and to New York in particular, that is distant but one hundred and eighty miles, which can be traveled by steam in the short space of six hours along the most delightful watery pathway and through some of the finest scenery on this side of the Atlantic.

### SARATOGA LAKE.

In our recent observations upon this subject, we referred briefly to Saratoga Lake, situated about three miles from the village, and which is reached by a broad, smooth drive, known as Union Avenue, so level that a horse can trot easily over the entire distance, save, perhaps, about a dozen rods or so. This avenue passes the world-renowned Racing Park, on which have appeared from time to time the fastest horses that America has produced. It is a well-arranged ground for the purpose to which it is devoted, and from its Grand Stand, capable of seating 5,000 people, have been witnessed the most notable events in the annals of the American Course. Union Avenue begins and terminates at notable points. Starting from Broadway, within a few rods of the four principal hotels of Saratoga, with Congress Park on one side and Morrissey's Club House on the other, it terminates at the lake. On the right we recognize Snake Hill, which is the boldest feature of the lake, and which can be reached by the little steamer that plies between

MOON'S LAKE HOUSE, shown on one of our illustrations, and the Sulphur Spring, or on foot, across a long bridge, and thence by a path which



CEDAR BLUFF—REAR VIEW.

SARATOGA, THE FASHIONABLE SPA OF AMERICA—SUBURBAN RESORTS.



winds along the romantic shore on the brow of a line of cedar bluffs, upon one of which is a popular place of resort, known as

#### MYERS'S CEDAR BLUFF HOUSE,

of which we also give a pictorial rear view. Both these establishments are in great repute for the beauty of their situation and the excellence of their cuisine. Here every luxury that can tempt the palate is to be found in great perfection, while epicures aver that this charming region is one of the true homes of a game dinner, as well as of any of those light and hasty repasts which are so grateful to tourists not given to pause on the wing, and who may not choose to afford time to solve the famous mystery of Mr. Moon's fried potatoes, or that of those cunningly done in cream by Mr. Meyer. Fine views of the lake can be had from these two favorite points, while the houses themselves are fitted up in a manner quite worthy their picturesque situation and distinguished patronage. That of Mr. Moon is situated at the foot of the delightful expanse of water, and is beautifully embowered in trees, through which may be obtained some charming glimpses of the bright waves, as they steal on their silvery way toward their outlet, through Fish Creek, into the Hudson. A short distance from the mouth of this latter river some of the finest perch, muscalonge, black bass and pickerel are to be found; although there is no dearth of any of these fish at other points along the shore. Here, then, is the home of the sportsman as well as of the tourist; and hence the endless variety of craft to be now observed moving to and fro on the face of the cool, clear expanse—some spreading their white wings to the gentle breeze, while others creep slowly from shady nook to nook, or lie at anchor where the shining tenants of the transparent flood most do congregate.

#### GLEN MITCHELL HOTEL,

Owned by Messrs. Mitchell Bros., is located at the termination of North Broadway, a mile and a half from Congress and Hathon Springs. This establishment, which will be found represented among our engravings, with the others, is noted for its game breakfasts and dinners, as well as for its fine driving park and pleasant environs. Like the lake-side houses, it is well patronized, and like them also, it is frequently visited by picnic parties, who come to enjoy the refreshing coolness of the neighboring ravines and wooded dells. Attached to the Glen Mitchell, and owned by the Mitchell Brothers, is a beautiful half-mile track, one of the best in the country, with the fine buildings of the Saratoga County Agricultural Society in the same inclosure. Both trotting and running races are held here during the season.

#### LAKE-SIDE HOUSE,

which appears also among our illustrations, is situated a short distance from Lake House, and, similar to the establishments just mentioned, commands a very fine view of both wood and water. It is kept by Henry Moon, son of the proprietor of Moon's Lake House. It also has its culinary attractions, and in this relation presses into its service the resources of the place, as well as those of distant markets; so that Saratoga and its environs may be said to possess every advantage necessary to health and pleasure; as, after a night's sound and refreshing repose in the airy hotels of the lovely village, and one or two invigorating draughts of its restorative waters, and a hearty breakfast, the day may be spent with infinite pleasure and advantage on or about the lake, where the gun and the fishing-rod are sure to afford much enjoyment; and where parties of pleasure may, in the midst of the most charming scenery, rest, float, feast or ramble at will, until the last ray of crimson fades in the West, and the hour arrives for returning to their hotels, in the beautiful little town close by.

### THE MISTAKE ABOUT BARRATT.

FRANK RICHARDS.

ONE day in early Winter, some years ago, I was walking up the main street of Stanton, a town with which I was entirely unacquainted, never having visited it before. I knew of but two persons living in the town, and of the personal appearance of one of these I had no recollection, not having seen him for twelve or fifteen years. The other I did not remember ever having met. My presence in the place was caused by peculiar circumstances.

My father, a country clergyman, dying when I was but eighteen, left me the village home in which I was born. I remained there with my mother and sisters, only leaving when it became necessary for me to attend medical lectures in a distant city. I was but twenty-two when I graduated, and with an extensive country acquaintance I hoped and expected to soon build up a thriving practice.

In less than a year after I had put up my little tin plate upon the front gate, I did a very foolish thing. I indorsed a note for an old schoolfellow, who was starting in the drygoods business, in our village. The note was for three thousand dollars, payable in nine months, and was held by a man who resided at a distant place. I knew not where.

This person, Samuel Bingham, had accepted my indorsement on the strength of a letter I had written and given to Claxton (my school-friend,) in which I stated my property was worth five thousand dollars. Bingham said that he had known my father when he was in the habit of visiting our village, and that he also knew me, and so was satisfied with the indorsement.

When Claxton returned from his successful negotiation, and told me that Bingham (who I supposed was a farmer) remembered me, I was surprised; but as my father used to have a great many visitors, it was no wonder that I did not recollect them all.

But three months after that Claxton had an opportunity of buying for cash some auction goods at extraordinary low rates. He borrowed one thousand dollars, on another note at three months, with my indorsement!

Before one month had elapsed, Claxton was entirely broken up by the rascality of a much older man, whom he had taken in as partner; and when the thousand-dollar note fell due, I could not pay it, and my place was sold. It brought under the hammer fifteen hundred dollars! That beautiful old house, with its lawn, its gardens and meadow—worth, as I had often been assured, five thousand dollars, now sold for just enough to pay this wretched note, to take my poor mother and sister to the home of a maternal aunt in the city, and to enable me to take board in a distant village, and there to endeavor, in an humble manner, to build up a practice. I might have staid among our friends, but subsequent occurrences made this unpleasant even to think of.

Bingham, hearing of the failure and the sale, came to our village, one day while I was in the city, and finding that, when his bill came due, there would be absolutely nothing for him, fell into a tremendous rage, which was visited principally upon me. I was a scoundrel and a cheat to indorse another note, and one, too, which cut out his; and to all the representations of my friends

that I had thought my property fully equal to the payment of both notes, if it became necessary, he gave not the slightest credence.

When I returned, he had left; but I heard all this story, and soon found that many persons believed that I had treated Bingham very badly; and that, if he carried out his threat of making me pay for this at some future day, he would be but serving me exactly right. So I set up my sign in the village of S—, and I now had been practicing for nearly six years. My sister was married, and my mother was living with her, in the city.

As a matter of course, I had not lived so long as this without falling in love, and if you had seen Anne Tange, you would not have been surprised at the fact. Her father, the squire of the village, had long been my friend, but when I proposed for her hand, eighteen months before the time at which I commence my story, he had told me plainly that, although I had a good practice, and had, what was for a physician of my age, a very fair balance in bank, he could never consent to his daughter's marriage to a man who did not own a house to which to take her. Accordingly, being very much in love, and not of the most patient disposition, I bought a house and lot in the village—a foolish piece of business; for, during the two months that I had owned it, I had been in continual fear that Bingham would hear of it, and make his threatened descent upon me.

Claxton, who was now in business in the West, and with whom I kept up a correspondence, had urged me not to think of paying Bingham, as he would be fully able to settle the debt himself in a reasonable time; and as this was entirely just, I had given myself no further thought about the matter, until I had bought my house, and then I thought a great deal more about it than was pleasant.

Now, however, it wanted but one month of being six years from the time the note had fallen due, and then, by the laws of my State, the debt would be outlawed, and I would be safe. In two months we were to be married, and in one month I was safe! And this safety meant a great deal; for, if Bingham should come down upon my real estate, and also bring all the obloquy upon me which such action would certainly occasion, my career at S— was at an end, and my marriage would be very indefinitely postponed, to say the least.

Two days before this early Winter day of which I write, I had received a letter from my father's brother, William. It had been directed to me at our old home, had been sent to my mother in the city, and been forwarded by her to me; for, as I corresponded with no one in the old place, and had been in the city some months before coming here, the postmaster did not know my address. The letter was consequently three weeks old. It was written from Stanton, and read as follows:

"DEAR GEORGE: For ten years I have not written to any of your family. I need not disguise the fact that when your father died I had no other tie to any of you. But I have heard lately that you have embraced my profession, and are practicing, I suppose, in the old village. Now, I am growing old, and shall soon give up work (either with or without my own free will,) and it might reasonably be supposed that I would surrender to you, the only other doctor in the family, and my brother's son, my practice. But I am much opposed to bringing strangers into a circle of patients, if it can be avoided, and I have a young assistant, who is better qualified than any one else to take my place. Besides, you are far better where you are. But it may, perhaps, be in my power to help you in some other way; and, at any rate, I would be very glad if you can get off for a few days, for you to pay me a visit. It is to invite you to do this that I now write to you. Your affectionate uncle,

"WILLIAM BARRATT."

When I got this letter, I determined to start off directly, and on my way I stopped in the city to see my mother. I had left my practice in charge of a brother physician, residing a few miles from the village, and, consequently, feeling easy in regard to the matter, I thought of spending a day or two in the city before going to see my uncle. But my mother strongly opposed this.

"Your uncle William," said she, "is a strange person, and although I never liked him, and was probably the cause of his estranging himself so entirely from us, I must admit that he frequently behaved in a very kind manner to your dear father. And he never promised anything, either, but some trifling help—which often, in the days when your father was struggling to get along, was of the greatest value. He paid the mortgage off the old house, as a Christmas gift, before you were born. You may depend that, if he wishes to see you, he intends to do something handsome for you, and you should not lose another hour; especially as the letter is three weeks old now. I am very certain that you will remind him, as soon as he sees you, of his brother; but I hope you will not meet that Bingham."

Until this I had not known that Bingham lived in that town, but, nevertheless, I set off immediately for my uncle's home, and found myself, as I before stated, walking up the main street of Stanton, looking for the corner of Elm Avenue. As few of the streets had their names posted up, I was about to step into a store to ask for information, when a large man, with a heavy red beard, passed me, then stopped, and, stepping back, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Your name is Barratt?"

I stopped, utterly astounded. Was this Bingham? Should I deny the birthright of my name, or admit it, and stand ruined for that moment? But suppose it was one of my uncle's family, a denial would be a pretty piece of business in that case? I must confess that I was greatly tempted to tell a falsehood; but, apart from the meanness of such a thing, what good would it have done?

All this, which it takes so long to write, passed very quickly through my brain, but still it caused a hesitation, very perceptible.

"Why, it is Barratt," said the man.

"Of course it is," said I, for I could no longer refrain from acknowledging the fact; "but I must say, sir, that I am not acquainted with yours."

"Don't you remember Jim Coleman?" said he, taking my hand and shaking it heartily.

Jim Coleman, indeed!

Jim had been a schoolmate of mine (much older, however, than me,) with whom I had always been a favorite, and who had got me out of many a scrape.

The revulsion of feeling was so great, that for a moment I could not speak; but, then, I gave him a much heartier greeting than I fear he would have received under any other circumstances.

"Trying to find Dr. Barratt, eh?—your uncle. Well, I never knew that. I'll show you; but you must stop in at my place first. It's all on the way. Turn right around this way."

And, taking my arm, he led me off in the opposite direction to which I had been going. On the way he informed me that he had been settled in this place for about three years as Conveyancer and real estate agent, and that he was doing very well, and had a large and useful acquaintance in the town.

When we were seated in his back office, talking over old times, I happened to think that this large acquaintance of his might be of no use to me if

Bingham was included among them, and he thus learned my location and condition. I therefore told Coleman, as an old friend, my whole story, and the fears I had had in coming to this dangerous town.

"You never saw Bingham, then?" said he; "never were in his office?"

"No," said I; "I never saw him to know him, and certainly was never in his office."

"Well," said Coleman, "you're in it now."

I fairly jumped as he said this, and Jim laughed immoderately.

"Why," he asked, "didn't you see the sign as you came in?"—J. R. Coleman, late Samuel Bingham & Co."

"Late?" I cried.

"Yes; he's been dead three years, and I bought out his business. As to Claxton's note, I paid the heirs twenty-five dollars for that, among a lot of other bad paper. You can have it for what it cost me, and if Claxton can pay to the old man's folks the whole amount, with interest, he ought to do it."

I bought the note instantly, and was of the opinion that Claxton should take my friend's advice. I was also of the opinion that the sky was very blue, the air fine and invigorating, the naked trees truly beautiful, and all Nature (and Art, too, for that matter) perfectly charming. When I left Coleman (a splendid fellow, always coming in just when I wanted him,) he still had the remains of the laughing tears in his eyes; and my uncle must have thought I was a fine, lively, and thoroughly good-humored fellow, for he used his pen and paper so handsomely, after my departure, that I now visit my patients behind a three-minute horse, and Anne is the leader of the fashions in our village.

I should not now be ashamed if all the world came to me and said, "Your name is Barratt!"

### INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

RUSSIA—ON THE VOLGA.

I SHARED a cabin on deck with a son of Albion, who was passing southward, and who very speedily on his return to England enlightened the world with the results of his deep researches into the condition of the free Russian people. He would have it that all was Asia from the left bank of the Volga, and he saw in the elevations occurring on that side of the river nothing less than the main range of the Ural Mountains. But these were the only little points of difference between us until we parted company at Samara, he proceeding with the boat to Tzaritzin, whence he went on to Odessa and the Crimea, and I taking the track across the Samara steppes to Orenburg.

The boat was crowded with deck passengers, huddled together in a manner which precluded all possibility of exercising one's legs. These passengers were sheltered from the rain and sleet by an awning, but warmth they derived from each other, being packed closely—men, women and children lying and reclining upon or against each other, and taking up every inch of space. The scene they presented was very original, especially toward night, when beggars, pilgrims, priests, peasants and soldiers had all arranged themselves for slumber in various positions. The little ebullitions of temper where encroachments were being made on the comforts of a near neighbor frequently afforded occasion for merriment.

An alarm was raised among this company when the boat one night put in at a landing to take fuel. It was discovered that some river-pirates had boarded the steamer under cover of the darkness, and, seizing upon the effects of some of the sleepers, which they threw over into the little craft which had stealthily brought them alongside, had hurriedly disappeared again over the ship's side. One poor woman, in very needy circumstances, had missed her bundle, her only *armes et bagages*, which had been snatched from under her head. A peasant was robbed of his sheepskin and his boots, and others sustained various losses. But the sympathies of all were bestowed on the poor old woman who, in the aforesaid bundle, bewailed the loss of a melon, a pair of new boots, a destined gift to a little granddaughter, and forty-three copper copecks, secreted in the remotest recess of an old stocking.

The circumstances of the robbery having been diligently inquired into, lanterns were lowered over the ship's side, and some vigorous thrusts were made into the stream below with boat-hooks and measuring-poles; but the effect was nil, for the pirates were already far away on the wide waters. One only, who in a struggle for the booty with his fellow, had missed his footing, and had tumbled into the river, was shortly after picked up dripping wet from the muddy bank.

A wealthy merchant had purchased a steamer to tug his barges up the stream, and consigned it to the care of a Russian skipper and crew. These, as the story ran, all went ashore to keep holiday, the engineer and the stoker accompanying them. The latter having neglected to close the pipes through which the water was received, the hull soon filled, and the boat sank. Great was the consternation of the skipper and the crew when they returned to the river-side. This had only just happened, and was related to me in illustration of the carelessness and of the hap-hazard nature of the Russian.

Two peasants, watching the action of the machinery, were sorely puzzled as to the motive power which set it in motion, and propelled the boat.

"Ivan," exclaimed one, turning to the other, who was, with a certain expression of awe on his face, watching the proceedings of the stokers below: "Ivan, I say, by whose will, thinkest thou, is all this worked?"

"By the Spirit," replied Ivan, very positively, but in a reverential undertone.

"By the Spirit!" exclaimed the questioner; "and by what Spirit, then?"

"What a booby art thou, and a lout, not to know that it is the *Unclean Spirit* alone who works by fire," broke out Ivan. "Seest thou not the fire they are kindling below?"

"But," argued the first speaker, "every village crone bakes bread and porridge by a fire! Does then my wife invoke the *Unclean One* to prepare our meals?"

"Well, thou boor!" Ivan exclaimed; "and is there not a *domovoi* (house bogey) in every hut?" and in order to thoroughly vanquish his interlocutor, he pointed—as to additional evidence in support of his argument—to the volumes of smoke coming out of the chimney, saying, "Behold how with the black clouds the *Unclean One* works the boat along!"

"As you like," protested the skeptic; "there is some other strange agency here, for," he said—and here he crushed Ivan, who had treated him with such supreme contempt—"my chimney emits smoke, but my hut remains motionless in the village."

This was a palpable hit, and there was a general guffaw as I turned to push my way in the direction where some *mongjiks* were playing cards.

Here I found one man, who had withdrawn from the game, counting his winnings on the broad sheepskin-covered back of a young peasant stretched out flat, with his chest resting on his small bundle of effects. The latter was staking his last

cherished copper coin on the chance of a card. It was instantly swept away from him by the hard hand of that merciless fate which had already robbed him. He turned over, and in doing so upset the small piles of copper symmetrically arranged on his back. There was a scuffle at once, while the game proceeded as usual. The scene was not at all a pleasant one. There were several peasants bewailing the loss of all they had had—of their little all, earned by the sweat of the brow.

"Vaska!" shouted some one of the group, addressing the luckless youth, who had now made it up with the man of the scattered coins, and who was blubbering most piteously over the shoulder of the latter; "Vaska! how wilt thou get home to thy village and to thy little wife?"

"Bring out that new kerchief thou hast for her," suggested a second; "it will pass for a 'five' (a five-copeck piece.) Mayhap thou'lt win on it."

"If thou loosest that also," chimed in a third, "then stake thy little wife as well. I stake a blue note (ten roubles) against her!"

"Look up, Vaska! What! fearest thy wife will wallop thee?"

These and sundry others were the mockeries launched at the poor fellow, who at last brushed away his tears, besmearing his face in a ludicrous manner with his dirty paws, took out the kerchief alluded to from within the breast of his furry coat, and with a bravado and desperation flung it down, challenging any one to stake a "five" against it.

"It is by far too common a custom among that class of our passengers, sir," said the captain of the boat, later, in answer to my inquiries, "to gamble away all their hard earnings on their way home, after three or four months' labor on the Volga and hereabouts. Many of them leave these boats to beg their weary ways to their distant native villages."

In the saloon cabin three wealthy contractors, one remove from the social condition of the peasant, who had fattened at the cost of the Government, were playing a three-card game at which thousands were exchanging owners, and at which their all was being staked, with a trust that Providence would still pull each of them through.

The boat was nearing Samara when the steward, who knew that I was going on to Orenburg, informed me that a lady on board, bound for the same destination, was desirous of picking up with a fellow-traveler, who would be a protector to her, and who would share with her in the expense of the carriage and horses. "She has commissioned me," he timidly put in, "to ascertain whether you would be inclined, sir—"

But ere I could say how I was inclined in this delicate matter, the lady in question appeared on the scene in person. She was elderly, short, and very rotund, wrapped in an innumerable quantity of wadded and fur garments, mantles, shawls, and wraps. Her face was very red, and her speech proved to be extremely volatile.

"You're for Orenburg? but"—this to the steward—"I thought it was the older gentleman. I could not be so rash, no, no!" Then, as if changing her mind, she ran on, turning to me, "Well, it does not matter, you are a foreigner. What luggage have you? I have only three boxes, these four hand-boxes, a little dog—Moska! Moska! Where is that little brute? Stewardess! stewardess! I say, bring me my scent-bottle. Phoo! how close it is here! how they have filled the place with smoke!—a feather-bed, two pillows, and a *samovar* (tea-urn;) that is all—oh, yes, by-the-way, and I have a maid—one maid—and I start immediately."

Immediately, however, I could not proceed from Samara to Orenburg, as I explained, and on that rock our negotiations split.

### TURKEY ARMING.

THE *Bassiret*, the official journal of Constantinople, has recently published a statement concerning the ordnance and the prospective armaments of Turkey. Within a few months the Turkish Government will possess 1,000,000 of the best breech-loading rifles. The fortifications of the Hellespont and Bosphorus are both nearly completed. The fortifications now being constructed in the island of Crete, as well as those at Sinope and Varna, on the Black Sea, will interfere seriously with the designs of hostile ironclads. They will mount 100 pieces of artillery, consisting of 300, 450 and 600-pounders. Four hundred cannons are being distributed among the forts of Roumania and Anatolia, of calibre from 12 to 72-pounders—all rifled breech-loaders. Turkey will soon have 1,000 pieces of artillery as effective as any known, and the Government is erecting a new arsenal at Matchka. All this preparation would indicate a policy of singular breadth, decision and energy for a "sick man."

### A NIGHT IN A CIRCUS.

"HERE we are again, Mr. Merryman!" is at this season of the year sending an electric thrill through the frames of thousands of our fellow-citizens in various sections of the country. It is a well-known fact that this season of the year is the "harvest day" of the circus.

The amount of capital involved, the energy and experience required, the laborious thought and mechanical ingenuity brought to bear, and the development of almost unlimited resources, are simply and truly wonderful.

A circus, in its management during the traveling season, is not unlike that of an army. The manager holds a council of war with his lieutenants, the contracting agent, Press agent, treasurer, equestrian, zoological and museum directors, veterinary surgeon, masters of canvas, stables, costumers, transportation, etc. Maps are studied, gazetteers consulted, experiences related, systems of organization suggested; and most careful deliberations prolong the frequent councils, so that no error of judgment may occur to lessen the prospective profits of the adopted line of march.

Steam and electricity form very important auxiliaries, and tend in a great measure to insure the pecuniary success of the traveling circus. All the official details having been fully perfected, the mechanical appointments thoroughly and carefully prepared by competent artisans, and the workshops being in almost ceaseless operation, everything is pronounced in readiness for the coming campaign, and the advance guard, the contracting agent, makes his advance upon the first objective point. He usually starts from six weeks to two months in advance of the show; calls upon the authorities, with whom he arranges for the license to exhibit, after which he makes contracts with one or more hotels to cater to the animal wants of the *attachés*, biped and quadruped. The local journals are next visited, advertisements contracted for, and style of notices suggested. A memorandum is left with each of the parties with whom contracts have been made, and duplicates sent to the treasurer, who is always with the "show," so that there may be no differences when the contract agent has left.

Soon after he has taken his departure, a gayly painted wagon or two make their appearance in the town, and are at once the ruling sensation; the news of their arrival spreads like wildfire through the



town and adjacent country; the schoolhouse becomes deserted; elderly matrons and blooming maidens neglect their household gods or duties and baking pies; the plow is left in a furrow, or the spade stands idly in the soil; the storekeepers forget that they have goods to sell, and the village bar-room presents a scene of desolation that would gladden the heart of the fiercest of temperance fanatics. Its mission, as the forerunner of the circus, is soon established by the display of paste-pots, brushes, and ladders, that depend from the body and running gear, and on the revealing of the highly colored posters which fill the interior, and which are soon to adorn the temporary barriers erected for their display, and sides of barns and outhouses for miles around.

The production of the show-bills and posters used by circuses have become a separate and important branch of the art preservative, and it has been stated that two at least of the great rivals in the tented field will expend nearly a quarter of a million dollars each in printer's ink during the present season.

The poster's wagon having departed, the excitement rather increases than abates, and the "show" that is coming to town forms the chief topic of conversation until its advent, which is a gala day, and as such is made the most of. Wagons of all kinds and descriptions, bearing their happy, joyous living freight, coming in many instances twelve and fifteen miles, begin to arrive early, and all day the roads leading to town present a scene which, if not as turbulent and crowded as the London roads on "Dunby Day," are still none the less gay and jolly.

The first duty on reaching town is the erection of the grand marquee or circus tent, which, under the direction of the tent-master and his numerous and well-trained assistants, is generally accomplished in half an hour. The ring-men then commence to spade up the earth for the ring, in order to render it springy, after which it is carefully raked and mixed with sawdust or tan-bark; the ring-guard or fence is then placed in position and earth banked against it. While this is going on, one of the ring-men is adorning the ring with a spread-eagle, in sawdust, or some similar design, which, when the "grand entrée" takes place, is like a "name written in the sands."

All is now bustle and hurry, but not confusion, as every man has his specific duties to perform, and is well trained in them. The stables and costumer's wagon are now the great centres of attraction, preparing for the grand parade or the free exhibition to the multitude.

All the circuses out this season travel in the old-fashioned way, from town to town along the highways by wagon, with the exception of two—the principal of which, said to be the largest and most complete traveling circus ever organized in this or any other country, giving in the vastness of its arene proportions some idea of the famed Coliseum of the Roman emperor Vespasian, which is said to have been able to seat two hundred thousand people, is that of the veteran showman, P. T. Barnum, in the transportation of which are used six locomotives and one hundred and fifty cars.

The grand cavalcade being now in motion, it must engross our attention for the time being. It is headed by a grand chariot of Apollo, containing a band of musicians, who are elegantly costumed in scarlet and gold. The chariot is drawn by twelve magnificent Bactrian camels, with rich trappings of scarlet and gold, and attended by native keepers attired in the flowing robes and turbans of the Orient. The chariot was followed by a band of knights clad in glittering armor and helmets surmounted by nodding plumes. The knights were mounted on gayly caparisoned steeds, who, proudly prancing and with heads erect, seem to feel the spirit of their gallant riders. After them came a bevy of fair and lovely maidens, richly clad and mounted on spirited palfreys.

It was a noble sight, and brought the mind back to the days of the Crusaders, and recalled memories of the sports and tournaments of Richard Cœur de Lion, the Black Prince, the Field of Cloth-of-Gold, etc. Then came a large number of Shetland ponies, mounted by almost infantile riders, who in turn were followed by a number of "Weisser-fran," or ladies in white, mounted on horses caparisoned to match—the ladies were attended by twelve mounted riders, wearing the bright-green tunics of the days of Robin Hood and his merry men. Two rich purple-and-gold chariots of wild animals, each drawn by two horses, showed glittering guidons floating to the breeze, and with stately and massive tread ensued a gigantic elephant and her three infant off-spring, magnificently appareled, and attended by a native trainer, equally gorgeous. Then came a splendidly illustrated chariot in pink and silver, containing a Nubian lion, surmounted by a banner, and the mechanical figure of an Arabian juggler plying his vocation. Then followed twenty-nine chariots of every color and shade, each with rare wild animals, and each drawn by two horses with crimson plumes and elegant housings. These chariots differed in color, and bore on each side illustrations, in high style of art, of patriotic and biblical mottoes. Then came the great polyhymnia, a colossal combination of the tones of a brass and string band, operated by motive power, and dispensing remarkably sweet and powerful music. Another cavalcade of chariots, as before, was supplemented by Barnum's mammoth band-car, splendidly decorated, and containing his special orchestra in blue uniforms. The golden cage of the snake-charmer of the Ganges then followed, in which several vicious cobra capelli were undergoing the fascinations of the youthful Hindoo. It was followed by the den of the mammoth polar bear, and by the dazzling chariot of the sun, garnished with plate glass, and with Brahman carvings in burnished gold, illustrating the gorgeous splendors of Oriental idolatry. Another interminable array of bird-chariots, superbly painted, and surmounted by glittering banners and mechanical and moving automatic figures. The long procession terminated with an exceedingly grand allegorical chariot representing the golden temple of freedom, on which were four handsome ladies bearing shields and banners, typifying Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The whole structure was crowned with a beautiful woman, costumed as the Goddess of Liberty. This was the culminating glory of the largest, most magnificent and costly street pageant ever attempted.

Turning toward the immense fields of canvas that are now thrown open to all, we find ourselves in the midst of the most extensive equestrian, zoological and cosmopolitan collection of birds, animals, minerals, statuary, fish, etc., which has ever been seen under one canvas. Pushing our way rapidly toward the dressing and waiting tents, we are jostled by Fiji cannibals, a boy without arms, a bearded girl, and numerous other freaks of nature, before we are safely behind the curtain in the dressing-room of the male performers, where we find trunks and boxes strewn about in apparent endless confusion, and in our timidity manage to tumble across a "clothes-line," and planting our venerable head against the base of single "1 x 4" that supports the dressing-table and glass, which is at that moment doing duty for several performers, who, from their knowledge of color and the assi-

duity with which they apply it, might be members of the National Academy of Design. As the base gives way the table and glass fall, leaving the artists gazing at the efforts of the other to color and effect. Dan Castello, who was quietly gazing upon our mishap, was greeted with a request, as he was not going on, to stop fooling, and to keep out of the old clothes business.

During the squabble we are relieved from our predicament, matters are made right, and we look around. In the background are numerous heads, peeping over the wall of the tent, ornamented with distended eyes, shock hair, and, here and there, a nose of the hat-hook order. Near by is the costumer's wagon, where Mrs. Donovan holds court, and, from amid the apparent chaos of bundles, boxes and bags, deals out to the performers and attendants the almost innumerable costumes which will be used during the performance. Notwithstanding the gayety and variety of costume and richness of color which adorn the faces of those within the tent, the silence that reigns is almost that of a graveyard at the "witching hour." Presently the band, which has taken its place in the auditorium, sends forth a thrilling blast, and all is in motion. Snatches of songs, badinage, jokes and dance take the place of stillness, and all is bustle for the "grand entrée." In one corner of the dressing-room some boys, who have been hurriedly endeavoring to get into tights and spangles, now appear in line before Mr. Matthews, their father, who, with palette and brush in hand, is hurriedly giving to their youthful faces the finishing touches in alabaster white and tallow and rouge.

Dan Castello roars from the other end of the room:

"Matthews, why are you like Rubens the artist?"

"Give it up, because I ain't guessing riddles."

"Because he painted angels."

"Too thin!" is the chorus from all sides.

"Say, Dan, do you know what is higher than our railway freights?"

"Nothing."

"Oh—ho! Why, the new style of Spring bonnets are."

"Matthews, if you keep on that way, you will have to give up the profession, and your children will never be wealthy."

"Maybe not; but when they grow up they can boast that their father was never a member of the Forty-second Congress."

While wit and song are whiling away the hours within, one of those sudden chilly storms, so peculiar to a New England April, has broken out, and has had its effect upon the performers, who lapse into a moody silence. Some another their harassed feelings under old coats and shawls, others turn hand-springs, flip-flaps, somersaults, and dance, in the endeavor to keep warm. Even the animals feel the dispiriting influence, and the beard of the riding-goat Alexis seems to have lost its regal look.

The effects of this night in New Haven was a disastrous one to the circus, and resulted fatally to Mons. D'Atalie, the celebrated strong man, who traveled with Angela, equally celebrated as a strong woman. D'Atalie died at Fall River, on the 19th May, 1873, of pneumonia, aged thirty-five. He was a man of education, and clerk in a Paris mercantile firm till about five years ago. He was naturally very powerful, without having received the usual training of professional athletes, and, on losing his savings by speculation, engaged, with his wife, to perform feats of strength at the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. He had been in this country about three years. His most prominent feat was lifting a barrel of water with his teeth. These were not double all round the mouth, as is sometimes the case, but were small, like those of a child, and, of course, strong and sound. His wife, Angela, was likewise strong by nature, and required but a practice of a few weeks to perform the surprising feats she daily exhibited. She is a most amiable woman, and, like her husband, well educated. They were a very united couple. They had no children. The girl and boy they performed with were taken from a poor-house, and trained. D'Atalie was buried in the Brookline Catholic cemetery, Mass.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### Church Festival near Munich, Bavaria.

It may appear somewhat strange that the festival represented in our illustration is professedly of a religious character; but as in Bavaria three buildings, at least, are always to be found in close proximity, go where you will—that is, a chapel, a brew-house, and a saloon to vend the produce of the latter—there seems to be nothing very antagonistic between religion and mirth in the German mind, and hence the lively and picturesque scene under consideration. The festival, which has for its object the commemoration of the founding of some noted church or seat, takes place annually, about two miles from Munich, in a wood through which the Isar is to be seen wending its murmuring way, and at times "rolling rapidly!" It lasts for three days, and during that period the Bavarian disposition, which is not always of the sweetest character, is to be seen to the very best advantage, for these three gala days are never marred by the slightest ill-temper or act of violence. Thus, it would seem that although the religious sentiment may be apparently thrust into the background, it manifests itself in this aspect of the affair, and much to the credit of all concerned. Rich and poor, high and low, are to be found commingled in this joyous gathering. Although the King does not now honor it with his presence, or, rather, has not yet shed the light of his countenance upon it personally, his predecessors invariably attended it, and, in consequence, added to its importance and popularity. The wealthy and the powerful of the neighboring capital, however, continue to join in it, so that much of its former prestige still remains.

### Fete of St. Isidor, at Madrid.

The fete of St. Isidor, the patron saint of Madrid, is, as may be supposed, celebrated on a large scale, and in a more joyous manner, than that of any of the numerous worthies who had been canonized in that region by the Church. It takes place on the 15th of May, when the whole city turns out—beggars, gypsies and motley throngs, as numerous and various as the clouds of locusts—who, in a whirlwind of noise and dust, dash along Toledo Street, and, crossing the magnificent bridge of the same name, enter a vast fair ground in the open country, where, as our illustration depicts, the work of merry-making and, at the same time, of certain religious observances, at once commences. Cafes, restaurants, booths constructed of posts covered with matting, spring into existence as if by magic, and families, in their Sunday attire, begin to cook in the open air, while dancing girls ply their graceful calling to the music of tambourines and guitars, and gypsies, reclining on the green sward, tell the fortunes of astonished and delighted rustic. At this festival, which lasts a fortnight, there is an immense amount of business done in the way of trade, but especially in light wares and confectionery. It affords a very Paradise to children, who during the period gorge themselves with cakes and sweets, and enjoy an occasional glimpse of the colossal female figure we perceive attired like a Brahman in our engraving, and which

attracts the most profound admiration. Throughout the whole of this festival the best of good-humor obtains, and at its close those who participate in it with sobriety and prudence generally find themselves greatly improved in health and spirits, and return to their everyday duties with new zest.

### Persian Pilgrims.

The ancient religious rites and ceremonies of the East are so strange and multifarious, that but few Europeans have any very clear conception of them. Were all the observances in this relation to be strictly adhered to, one might suppose that but little time would be left for the performance of the actual and necessary business of life. What with constant prayers, ablutions, penance and pilgrimages, the days glide away without bearing much healthy fruit, and hence the semi-barbarism which continues to characterize the votaries of Mohammed and Vishnu, and which seems to obtain in whatever portion of the globe religious pagan zeal prevails. Our illustration, which will be found on another page, represents a number of Persian pilgrims on their road to the shrines of Kerbala and Meschid Ali, near Bagdad, with the dead bodies of their friends packed in mummy bundles on the backs of camels. They have come to a rest on their journey, as we perceive, and while we cannot but admire the affection which has prompted the long journey, we incline to the belief that the remains of the dear departed would have slept more peacefully and soundly among the "gardens of gul" in their own native land.

### Unveiling of the Reredos presented by Freemasons to Gloucester Cathedral.

This work of art, designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A., was recently presented to the Cathedral of Gloucester by the Freemasons of the Province of Gloucestershire. The ceremony of unveiling the Reredos took place on Thursday, the 6th June. The day's proceedings began by the holding of a Grand Provincial Lodge at the Bell Hotel, by the Provincial Grand Master, Lord Sherborne, the brethren being all attired in suitable Masonic clothing. At three p. m. they assembled at the Chapter Room, where the procession was headed by the Mayor and Corporation. At the west door of the cathedral they were met by the Bishop, clergy, lay clerks and chorists, and the procession proceeded toward the choir, singing a well known hymn. The sight was very picturesque. The Bishop wore his full scarlet canonicals and doctor's hood, and the blue-and-purple of the Freemasons, with their glittering jewels, was diversified by the uniforms of military officers. As soon as all had taken their places in the chancel, the hymn ceased, the Provincial Grand Master waved his hand, and the curtain concealing the Reredos was gradually lowered. The Reredos was then formally presented by the Grand Master to the ecclesiastical dignitaries, after which the choir sang the Hallelujah Chorus. The usual evening service was then proceeded with, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. C. R. Davy, who as Past Grand Chaplain of England and Provincial Grand Chaplain, wore a purple-and-gold collar, gamutlets and jewels. At the conclusion of the service the Freemasons returned in procession to the Chapter Room, where a beautifully illuminated volume, containing the list of subscribers to the Reredos, was presented to the Dean and Chapter. The day's ceremonies were terminated by a Masonic banquet at the Bell Hotel, which was attended by nearly 150 brethren.

### Curds and Whey in St. James's Park.

If you can get shrimps and tea for nine pence at Grave's End, you can get curds and whey for a penny at the Milk Fair in St. James's Park. Both are English, or, rather, London institutions. Tom Brown, writing in 1699, describes how Members of Parliament were interrupted in their discussions while airing in the "Green Walk" by the "noisy milk folks crying 'A can of milk, ladies! A can of red cow's milk, sir!'" Again, in 1712, Warburton advised his friend Mason to study pastoralism among the "cows and milkwomen at your entrance from Spring Gardens." With all the changes London itself has undergone, the "milk fair" still remains in 1873, with its cows, its posts, and milk at a "penny the mug." The customers, however, have altered. In place of the "Maccaronis" and "Maccaronesses," the powdered *beaux* and hoopied ladies of fashion, nursemaids and their charges, and countless children without nursemaids, usually laden with a baby as big as themselves, come to quaff the "mug," or, if more extravagantly inclined, to sup the cool, luscious curds and whey temptingly set forth in those wide china bowls. The "milk folk," however, have taken to sell other drinkables, and ginger-beer and lemonade form a considerable item of their trade, besides countless toothsome cakes and oranges. On a fine Summer's evening the aspect of this spot is worth a visit, if only to see the happy faces of the children, who, as seen in our illustration, make it a favorite playground, while nurses and mothers sit and gossip on the forms, and enjoy the unusual London luxury of a draught of milk fresh from the cow.

### Opening of the Town Hall at Bolton, England, by the Prince of Wales.

The people of Bolton, England, have recently built themselves a very handsome Town Hall, and lately the Prince and Princess of Wales, escorted by a troop of dragons, and followed by a long string of carriages, drove over from Wigan to Bolton to accomplish the opening ceremony. Bolton had made itself as gay as possible; there were triumphal arches and flags, and trade societies with their banners, and Sunday scholars dressed in becoming uniforms. Unfortunately, there was one visitor not unknown in Lancashire, of whose company the Boltonians would have gladly been rid on this occasion—namely, the Rain, who made himself very disagreeable during the early part of the day. The procession, which had been met by the Lord Mayor and Corporation at the borough boundary, reached the square in front of the Town Hall at 2.30. Here a guard of honor was drawn up—the Bolton Rifle and Artillery Volunteers, in scarlet-and-blue uniforms. As soon as the Prince had alighted he was received by the Mayor, and then the Recorder, Mr. Pope, Q. C., read an address of welcome. This was followed by a prayer, in which the divine blessing was invoked on the new building and its users, by Canon Powell. The Prince was then presented with a silver key, with which, as shown in our engraving, he unlocked the massive doors of the Town Hall, and publicly proclaimed the building open. Loud cheers followed this announcement, and a band struck up, "God bless the Prince of Wales." After this the Prince and Princess were entertained at a banquet in the great hall by the Mayor, some 500 other guests being also present. The royal couple did not stay long, however, for they did not enter the hall till 3.20, and at 4.10 were on board their special train, bound for London. The Prince, however, found time to make a neat little speech, and to propose the Mayor's health.

The new works to be produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival the last week in August, under Sir Michael Costa's direction, will be the oratorio "The Light of the World," by Mr. A. S. Sullivan; the cantata, "The Lord of Burleigh," by Signor Schira; the cantata by Signor Randegger, "Fridolin." The other oratorios will be Handel's "Messiah," selections from "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Macabreus" (entire), Mendelssohn's "Elijah," besides Spohr's cantata, and Haydn's "Imperial Mass." Two choral works by Rossini will be heard for the first time.

## PERSONAL.

SPURGEON is called the advocate of "jocular religion and comic salvation."

D'HORNEY, the new French Minister of Marine, is a grandnephew of Voltaire.

MINISTER JEWELL will take his collection of paintings, which is valuable, to Russia with him.

THE London *Saturday Review* thinks that Bret Harte is a story-teller and a poet of true genius.

PERE HYACINTHE is reported to have declined the permanent pastorate of his Genevese congregation.

THE Mikado wants the rebuilding of the palace suspended, on account of the embarrassments of the Government.

It is stated on the authority of a private letter from Paris that Pere Hyacinthe intends coming to America again next spring, to remain two or three years.

THE Archbishop of Cologne and his suffragans have been summoned to explain their reasons for excommunicating two priests who joined the Old Catholic organization.

It is said that Calcraft, the English hangman, has a pretty daughter, who does not know the nature of her father's business, but in the simplicity of her maiden heart believes him a Methodist parson.

PROFESSOR WATSON, of Ann Arbor, and Professor Peters, of the Washington Observatory, are respectively to represent the United States in China and New Zealand during the transit of Venus next year.

THE survivors of the First Mississippi Rifles propose to send Colonel Jeff. Davis as their representative to the Convention of Mexican War Veterans, to be held in Washington on the 15th of January, 1874.

COLONEL BEVERLY KENNON, an American officer in the Egyptian army, has been decorated by the Khedive with the Order of Medjidieh, third class, for ingenuity, activity and perseverance displayed in the conception and construction of a battery at Alexandria.

DON CARLOS is described by a correspondent, who met him lately, as a tall, slender man, nearly six feet high. He wears a thick beard, and his first appearance makes a very agreeable impression, which is increased by his lively manner and almost feminine smile.

THACKERAY, who always wrote in the morning, in his library and alone, once met Edmund Yates, the novelist, and put the following question to him: "Yates, when do you write your novels and your editorial articles?" "Generally at night, Mr. Thackeray." "Great God! what a fortunate man!"

THE Connecticut House of Representatives re-elected Elisha Carpenter Judge of the Supreme Court for eight years. He had already been elected in the Senate. The House has also elected Amos S. Treat, Roland Hitchcock and Levi B. Bradley, Judges of the Superior Court. The Senate has chosen other men, and seems inclined to adhere to its action.

THE New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes: "Speaking, the other day, to a gentleman well acquainted with public men, on the subject of their capacity for and habits of work, he remarked that the hardest worker he had ever known was Caleb Cushing. Cushing told my informant that, for twenty-five years, he had spent seventeen out of every twenty-four hours in intellectual pursuits—reading, studying, or writing—giving himself but seven hours for rest and recreation. Cushing has an extraordinary constitution and the most vigorous health, and receives such pleasure from absorbing mental occupation that it has by long habit become second-nature to him. He is now seventy at least, and of late years, being regularly employed as a sort of Government lawyer upon international cases at Washington, he has taken life more easily, as well he might at his advanced age."

## WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

DANIEL DREW goes to Long Branch.

JANACEK will summer at Cohasset, Mass.

GRACE GREENWOOD will pass the Summer in Colorado.

THE Khedive of Egypt is about making a tour of France.

EX-SENATOR HENDERSON, of Missouri, has sailed for Europe.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is quietly enjoying herself at Newport.

COLONEL T. B. THORPE has a fine house on Hallidon Hill, Newport.

MRS. HAMILTON FISH and family are at Garrison's, on the Hudson.

MRS. SMILEY, the eloquent Quakeress, is building a cottage at Saratoga.

THE Ex-Queen of Spain having dropped in Rome, is now going to Vienna.

PRESIDENT ABBOTT, of the Michigan Agricultural College, is now in Europe.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN will pass the Summer at St. Catherine's, Canada.

THE Prince of Wales will return to Vienna in August, this time with the Princess.

THE Hon. James B. Beck, of Kentucky, has sailed, with his family, for Scotland.

THE Rev. S. M. Isaacs and family are located on Chelsea Avenue Long Branch.

CHEVALIER WYKOFF is about returning to the United States to re-enter journalism.

THE widow of General Canby will remain in Indianapolis, Ind., during the Summer.

EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR PINCHBACK, of Louisiana, is in London, having left Paris.

GENERAL FREMONT, wife and daughter will remain through July and August at Saratoga.

MR. BARREDA, late Peruvian Ambassador at Washington, seeks the seashore at Newport.

GENERAL TOM THUMB is building a cottage at West Haven, Conn., for his Summer residence.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the author, is passing the warm season at his cottage in West Lebanon, N. H.

GOVERNOR PARKER, Ex-Governor Price and General Haight, of New Jersey, will summer at the Branch.

MRS. GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, accompanied by her son, will remain at White Sulphur Springs, Va., until October.

THE Misses Libbie and Blanche Groesbeck, of New York, who are summering in England, have been presented to Queen Victoria.

MAPLE SANDS, A. H. VIKING, and several other members of the New York Yacht Club, are enjoying land and sea at Newport.

JAMES PARTON, with several literary friends, will spend the season at Newburyport, Mass., and enjoy the attraction of Salisbury Beach.





A NIGHT IN A CIRCUS.—THE DRESSING-ROOM.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 283.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE WALWORTH TRIAL.—MRS. M. T. WALWORTH, THE DIVORCED WIFE OF THE MURDERED AUTHOR, EXAMINED FOR THE DEFENSE, BY CHARLES O'CONOR, ON THE TRIAL OF HER SON FRANK, THE PARRICIDE.—SEE PAGE 287.

# THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE interval between the races at Jerome and Monmouth Parks was happily filled by an unusually exciting international billiard tournament at Irving Hall. The diamond cue, the emblem of the world's championship, had lately come into the pos-

session of Maurice Daly, having in the last four years been successively won by Deery, Rudolphe, Parker, Cyrille Dion and Daly. The contest began on Monday evening, June 23d. The games were for three hundred points each, played on a ten-by-five Collender table. The prizes were a solid silver challenge cup, two elegant diamond locketts, and purses of money.

Six contestants appeared.

M. François Ubassy, said to be the greatest billiard-player in France, is forty-three years old, and a native of Toulouse. He arrived but recently in this country, and had played very little in public previous to the tournament. He bore the reputation of making wonderful runs and executing a number of novel fancy shots.

John Deery comes next in point of age. He bore an excellent reputation in New Orleans for his frequent one hundred-point games with three balls, but had been in considerable retirement since his defeat by Daly, last Winter.

The brothers Dion, Cyrille and Joseph, have long been favorably known in sporting circles. Joseph is said to have a most remarkable presence of mind,



Deery.

Daly.

Garnier.

Ubassy.

Cyrille Dion.

Joseph Dion.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE INTERNATIONAL BILLIARD TOURNAMENT, AT IRVING HALL.—THE CHAMPIONS AFTER A NIGHT'S WORK.



and plays both the American and French games. He is easy, calm, and quick with his cue.

Maurice Daly is about twenty-four, a very plucky player, and with vast experience. He has confined himself almost exclusively to the American game, and has defeated John Deery and Cyrille Dion.

Albert Garnier is a native of Paris, about twenty-three years of age, and a resident of New York since 1871. The peculiarity of his play is in the *massé* and draw shots. He is extremely nervous and easily annoyed.

On the opening evening the first contest was between Cyrille Dion and John Deery, and was won by Dion, by a score of 300 to 136; time, one hour, thirty-six minutes. The second was between François Ubassy, champion of France, and Maurice Daly, champion of America, and resulted in a score of 300 for Daly to 255 for Ubassy.

On Tuesday Albert Garnier and Joseph Dion played against each other, for one hour and thirty minutes, the result showing 300 for Garnier to 136 for Dion. In the evening two games were played, the first between the brothers Dion, and won by Cyrille against his brother's 235; and the second between Ubassy and Deery, won by the former, Deery scoring 205.

At the Wednesday *matinée* Daly and Cyrille Dion played together, Daly winning, and Dion scoring 142. In the evening John Deery and Albert Garnier played the first game, the latter winning. Then Joseph Dion and Ubassy stepped to the table, and went through a capital game, Ubassy winning in an hour and a half, and thirty-six innings.

Maurice Daly and Garnier led off on Thursday, in what has been termed the best game of the tournament. Garnier won, the score standing 300 to 290. Two games were played in the evening, the first by John Deery and Joseph Dion, resulting in a victory for Dion; and the second by Garnier and Ubassy, being won by the former; score 300 to 239.

Our illustration affords accurate likenesses of the champions. Ubassy is seen leaning against the table, with an arm resting on the edge, and in conversation with Cyrille and Joseph Dion. At the end of the table Garnier is explaining to Daly and Deery an expedient of the game, while Chris O'Conner, who has watched the tournament from its inception, regards the players from the opposite side.

### OUT IN THE BAY.

OUR lazy sail flaps idly 'gainst the mast,  
As if too indolent to woo the breeze,  
Which in its lightness as it whispers past,  
Scarce leaves a dimple on the sultry seas.

A few white clouds are motionless above,  
As if in coyish half ashamed they lay,  
Gazing down seaward to the glass they love—  
Watching their image mirror'd in the bay.

And old Hamilton in the hazy distance,  
Rises up grassy, heavenward, and mocks  
The storms which oftentimes threaten the existence  
Of the sea-compacted, weather-beaten rocks.

We watch the fast outgoing weekly mail,  
Beating a path of white, o'erarched with smoke,  
And hear along the shore the iron rail  
Clanking beneath the engine's rapid stroke.

From the far city where the vapors lie  
Floats strangely sweet the tolling of a bell,  
Which, mingling with the sea-bird's plaintive cry,  
Seems evening's voice, bidding the day farewell.

And now from pier and headland, shining out,  
Two sister stars appear, guarding the shore,  
While from the harbor comes the seaman's shout,  
And booming of a gun—the day is o'er.

### INNOCENT:

#### A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—AN UNPOPULAR MARRIAGE.

THE marriage of Innocent took place on one of the first days of February, a day of the "seasonable" kind, with black skies, a dark gray atmosphere, and occasional downpours of steady rain. The raw cold penetrated to one's bones, and one's heart, and even the show of costly flowers which had been procured for the occasion, failed to make the rooms look cheerful. Innocent herself, in her white bridal dress and veil, was like the snowdrops. Her head drooped a little, her cheeks were not much less pale than her dress. She was not a blushing, or a smiling, or a weeping bride. Her eyes were full of a certain awe, sometimes varied by alarm, when the prospect of leaving home came uppermost; but she was passive in all things, gentle and grateful, as calm in her new position as she had been in the former. The only one thing she had been anxious about, the one trouble and mystery in her life, had been set right (as she thought) by her bridegroom's exertions.

The wedding was to be a very quiet one, partly (as it was announced) because of Innocent's health—partly because of the mourning of the family. John Vane, who had been summoned for the occasion, was to give her away as the representative of her father's family—for Frederick, morose and melancholy (feeling the death of his wife, poor fellow—for she was very beautiful, though it was a *misalliance*), would have nothing to do with it. And a few of Mrs. Eastwood's friends and counselors were in attendance, and two or three friends of Sir Alexis; but it was not a gay ceremonial. The Molyneuxs were present, for Ernest had not intimated to his family any doubt as to his eventual union with Nelly; nor had he accepted her virtual dismissal of him; but they, like many other people, after having received the announcement of the marriage with enthusiasm, had come prepared at the last moment to criticize.

"How could she allow that poor child to marry such a man?" whispered Miss Molyneux to her mother.

"Hush, child!" said the mother; "the Eastwoods are people that will do anything for money."

"How pale she is; do you think they could have used force?" the same young lady asked of Ernest.

"No more force than that of wealth and finery—a force women are always glad to yield to," said Ernest, almost in Nelly's hearing.

She heard the last words, and divined the first. They had "made-up" their quarrel, as people say, but Nelly's heart was very sore, quivering with pain present and pain past. Even the marriage itself was nothing to be happy about. How would poor Innocent bear it, when she was gone, away from all who cared for her, with her old-new husband? How selfish it was of him, Nelly thought, to insist upon marrying Innocent because in her

trouble she had committed herself to him!—but all men were selfish; they were not to be judged as women are. It came natural to them to consider themselves, their own will, their own gratification, before everything else. This conviction was the bitter product of Nelly's own experience, which she endeavored to soften by generalization, as men and women invariably do on both sides. All men were like that, she said to herself; it took off something of the sharp edge of self-seeking from the man whom she had herself chosen from all the world—or rather, who had chosen her, as he himself would have preferred to have said.

John Vane did not come to her until the weary morning was nearly over, till after the bride and bridegroom had departed, and the other guests were dropping away. The guests in general had not been cheerful in their comments; most of them had expressed themselves warmly delighted at the prospect of so good a match for Innocent—but the compliments they paid to the mistress of the house were not agreeable.

"I am afraid poor little Lady Longueville is very delicate," said one, shaking her head.

"Everything has gone off very nicely," said another; "but I wish, poor thing, she had looked a little happier."

"I don't understand a bride looking very happy on her wedding-day," said a more benevolent critic; "and she is so young and so—inexperienced—"

"He has plenty of experience for both," said a fourth.

"I should like to see that girl safe back from her wedding-tour," said Mrs. Everard, who was privileged to speak her mind. "She looks to me a great deal too like a Lucia di Lammermoor, my dear. She wanted nothing but her hair down, and a confidant in white muslin. I hope he will take care of her."

"There can be no doubt that he will take very good care of her," said Mrs. Eastwood, who was tired and irritated. "That was my great comfort in giving my consent."

"Well, at all events, the responsibility is off your hands," said Mrs. Everard, nodding her head half in congratulation, half in pity.

John Vane was cold and grave even to Nelly. He told Nelly he was sorry he had not known of this sooner—that it must all have been arranged very suddenly—and that he would have been glad to have been consulted about a matter so important to his poor little cousin's happiness.

"We should have liked more time, too," said Nelly, in her turn indignant; "but Innocent settled it all by herself, and Sir Alexis insisted that there should be no delay."

"Innocent settled it all by herself?"

"Yes, Mr. Vane; it looks very strange; but it is true. I see you blame poor mamma, who never was a matchmaker in her life; but it was Innocent who settled everything. I hate it," said Nelly, with warmth, "and when she sees what she has done—poor Innocent! But he is a kind man," she added, more calmly, "and he will be very good to her, as mamma says."

"I do not understand Innocent," said Vane. "They told me a very strange story at St. Bernice."

"A story—about what?" said Nelly, growing breathless with excitement and terror.

"She seems to have gone home in so strange a way, so suddenly, so oddly altogether," he said, with an uneasy look. "And yet she is not really an idiot—only odd. I am very sorry for my sister's sake—it has disturbed her so much. Indeed I often regret deeply that I took Innocent to the High Lodge."

"Oh, if you had not done so!" cried Nelly, with that horrible perception of how a whole world of trouble might have been avoided, which come so often after the event. "Oh, if you had not done it!" Then she restrained herself, as he could see, with a sudden movement of alarm.

"There is something behind that I do not know?" said Vane, looking at her.

"Oh, no, no, pray don't think so! She was frightened and nervous; that was all," cried Nelly. Vane stood silently by Nelly's side, for some time, wondering, trying to think what the secret could be—what extenuating circumstances might exist. At least, he concluded to himself, Nelly could not be to blame. She could have nothing to do in the matter; one young girl would not help to force another on that painful road. Nelly, at the worst, must have been herself passive—perhaps she was her-elf fated to be the next victim. He went away at last with his mind in a very uncomfortable state; grieved for Innocent, troubled about Nelly, wondering and confused altogether. The only thing he was sure of was another generalization, such as in all similar cases men find it safe to take refuge in—that it must be the mother's fault. She it was who must have "managed" and schemed for the one gilded unhappiness, and who must be permitting, for her own ends, the other. Poor Mrs. Eastwood! this was all the reward she got for her much anxiety and motherly care.

Another incident had occurred a few days before, which she had confided to no one but Nelly, and which had seriously disturbed her. Jane, the housemaid, whose quiet demeanor had lulled all her fears to rest, had come to her suddenly, and demanded to be promoted to the post of lady's maid to the future Lady Longueville.

"Lady's maid! you, Jane? but you don't understand the duties," Mrs. Eastwood had said, in consternation.

"Oh, ma'am, I know a deal as no one thinks of," said Jane, significantly, with a look that froze the blood in her mistress's veins.

"That may be, perhaps," Mrs. Eastwood said, trying to cover her confusion with a nervous laugh; "but you do not know how to make dresses, or how to do hair—or any of a maid's special duties. Household work is a different sort of thing. I have no wish to part with you," she continued, diplomatically; "but if you want to better yourself, to try another kind of place, I shall be glad to let you try how you can get on with Miss Ellinor at home. For Lady Longueville, I should like a person of more experience to begin with. You can speak to my daughter about it, if you please."

"But, ma'am—" Jane was beginning, pertinaciously.

"No more just now—I am busy. After the wedding I shall have more time," said Mrs. Eastwood. But this interview gave her another ache in her heart.

All these things concurred to make the wedding-day a painful one. As the family were in mourning, and as the wedding had been so quiet, they had excused themselves from any further festivities in the evening.

Winks had never had any opinion of Sir Alexis. A connoisseur, fond of art, of dainty furniture and fine gardens, he seldom much sympathized with the four-footed visitor, whose appreciation of the finest collection is somewhat contemptuous, to say the least. Winks retired to a corner when Sir Alexis visited The Elms. He declined to take any notice of him. He thought he had got rid of all that crowd of unnecessary people when they went off to church; but to see them come back in full daylight, not twelve o'clock, and fill the room once more,

was beyond the endurance even of a philosopher. He was so far disturbed out of his ordinary calm as to bark indignantly when the bride and bridegroom went away, and a few of the livelier spirits in the party, headed by Dick, threw old shoes after them.

"It was fun, by Jove, to see that old slipper with the high heel hit Longueville on his old nose," Dick said, with a laugh, as he held up a larger bit of cake than usual; and Winks, mollified, grinned in acknowledgment of the joke. He made one round of the garden after the cake was finished, to show that he was not mercenary, and then trotted indoors, where, providentially, all was now quiet. The family were assembled in the drawing-room, where, though the chairs and tables had been put in their usual places, there was still an air of excitement, and a sentiment of disorder. Winks came in and set himself down in front of the fire, and looked at them all. "What do you think of your handiwork, now it is finished?" he seemed to say, severely, looking at his mistress, curling up one black lip over his white teeth; he would not condescend to wag his tail.

"Oh, Winks, don't look so diabolical!" said Nelly, trying to laugh; perhaps, it was as good a way of relieving her feelings as crying would have been.

"Don't sneer, you brute!" cried Jenny, indignant. Winks fixed upon them all a look of contemptuous disapproval, and then trotted off to a chair at the window. They were not even amusing in their exhaustion—he preferred his own company to theirs.

After a while Jenny followed Winks's example.

"What a bore a wedding is," he said, stretching himself, "in the morning, leaving one's afternoon on one's hands. I shall go out for a walk till dinner."

"Don't go out in the rain with your cold, dear," said Mrs. Eastwood.

"Pshaw! what's a cold?" said Jenny. The rain was nothing to the chill discouragement and inarticulate vague misery which seemed to fill the house from garret to basement. Perhaps, even the boy was wise enough not to wish to come to any clear conclusion in the matter; but he was dull, dull as ditchwater, according to his own simile.

They were all going to a dance at Mrs. Barclay's that night, which was some relief. She was full of triumph and exultation in the event which had brought so little comfort to the Eastwoods. She had asked everybody—the Molyneuxs, who were to be "connections" through Nelly; and John Vane, who was already her "connection," through Innocent; and all the *habitués* of The Elms. Jenny spent the time till dinner in a wretched walk, and came in drenched, with his cold considerably increased, which, on the whole, he was rather glad of; and Mrs. Eastwood, yielding to the general misery of the circumstances, at last went "to lie down"—an indulgence unknown to her on ordinary occasions. Dick went to his own room, where Winks, on being whistled for five times, condescended to follow him; and they two, I think, had the best of it. Frederick had sole possession of the library, where he sat over the fire with his feet on the grate, and a countenance which was dark as the sky. And Nelly went to poor Innocent's room and put things tidy with her own hands, and cried over the little empty white bed, as if Innocent had died.

A wretched day, rain outside, cold dullness and misery within. But if people will marry in February, what else can be looked for? For the home of the bride is seldom a very cheerful habitation on the eve of the wedding-day.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—AFTER THE WEDDING.

THE ball at Mrs. Barclay's was brilliant, and the Eastwood family were, as was natural, the most honored guests. And I suppose that Nelly and her brothers, being young, enjoyed themselves, as the phrase is, and were able to cast off their melancholy. Dick, at least, was perfectly able to cast it off, the more especially as he met the reigning lady of his affections—the girl whom he had many thoughts of asking to go out with him to India—thoughts which were tempered by the wholesome fear of having his proposal treated with much contumely as a boy's fancy at home. He danced with her half the evening, and sat out with her on the crowded staircase, and consumed much ice and lemonade in her company, and was very happy. Jenny, who had not been properly looked after in his dancing when he was young, and was very doubtful of his own steadiness in a waltz, stalked about the rooms and talked to the people he knew, and said it was a great bore, yet was vaguely exhilarated, as one is when under twenty, by the crowd, and the lights, and the music. Frederick, of course, being still in the first gloom of his widowhood, did not come. And as for Nelly, though she expected nothing but to be miserable, she, too, found the evening pass off much less disagreeably than she anticipated. Molyneux, somewhat frightened by the decided stand she had made, and piqued by the possibility of rejection after all, was more constantly at her side than he had been since the early days of their engagement; and Vane, looking more friendly than in the morning, asked her to dance with him, on purpose, it would seem, to make up for his former coldness. He kept aloof from Mrs. Eastwood, but he sought Nelly.

"If you will accept so poor a partner," he said; "my dancing days are about over."

"I do not see why that should be," said Nelly, looking brightly up at him, pleased to hear his voice so often into its old tone.

"Ah! pardon, I do," he said, with a smile—"I am growing old. I shall go and set up a monkey one of these days beside my sister's nursery. I am not like Longueville; no means are afforded to me of renewing my youth."

"But you are not old like Sir Alexis!" cried Nelly.

"Not like Sir Alexis; but old—tolerably older in years—a great deal older in heart."

"Oh! how wrong you are!" said Nelly; "on the contrary, you are young. I am a bystander, and I can see better than you can. You are a great deal younger than many who are—not so old as you are."

Her eyes went wandering over the room as she spoke, and John Vane made out in his own mind that she was looking for Molyneux—a thing which I cannot take upon me to affirm.

"You give me consolation," he said, shaking his head; and, indeed, I am young enough to be very foolish and as curious as a child. I wonder now—you are honest, Miss Eastwood, and say what you think—I wonder if you would tell me the real cause of poor little Innocent's marriage, and all her odd ways?"

Nelly's countenance changed in spite of herself, and in her mind there rose a painful debate. Should she make him some conventional answer, evading his question, or should she answer him in sincerity? After all, she could harm no one by honesty, though it would make her answer unsatisfactory. She looked at him gravely, trying to frame her reply so as to reveal nothing, and then the natural honesty to which he had appealed gained the upper hand.

"Mr. Vane," she said, hurriedly, "if I assert

that I cannot tell you, will you be satisfied? It is a strange way to answer, perhaps, but I cannot do any more. Perhaps some time—but just now I cannot. There is a reason," she said, growing more agitated. "Oh! please do not take advantage of my wish to tell you, and make me say any more."

"Do you wish to tell me?" he said, touched in spite of all his prejudices.

"Yes," she cried, "and so did mamma. 'If we could but have seen you before she went to Sir Alexis; you were the first person we thought of; we have always felt we could trust you. Ah, don't make me say any more!'"

"I will not," he said, gravely. The anxious appeal in her face filled John Vane with many feelings, the foremost of which, perhaps, did not concern Innocent.

"What were you talking to John Vane about?" said Ernest, when his turn came.

"About Innocent!" said Nelly, quietly.

"About Innocent! It must be very pleasant to have such an interesting subject. You looked as if your whole hearts were in it—he asking and you replying. An indifferent spectator might have thought the subject of discussion more personal," said Molyneux, with an angry countenance.

"Innocent is very interesting to me," said Nelly, with spirit, "and also to Mr. Vane. Though you do not care for her, Ernest, that is not to say that I must become indifferent to my cousin. She has need of her friends, poor child!"

"Poor child!" said Ernest—"I like that. She has just made one of the best matches going, and got herself established as very few girls do. I can tell you. She has carried her innocence to an excellent market, Nelly. I don't see why her fortunes should call forth so much sympathetic discussion, especially between you and John Vane. I detest the fellow—putting himself forward on all occasions. Who wants his interference, I should like to know?"

"I do!" cried Nelly, bravely, "and so does mamma. He is the only one of her relations who has taken any interest in Innocent. We should both be distressed beyond measure if he did not interfere."

"Confound Innocent!" said Molyneux, under his breath. "Why there should be all this fuss about a half-witted girl is more than I can say—especially now, when she is off your mother's hands. Our own affairs are more interesting to me."

"Yes, clearly," Nelly said to herself; "a lover is very different. What he wants is to have you to himself, not necessarily to please *you*," but she suppressed the retort which rose to her lips. She had no desire, however, to prolong her dance, or to go out to the conservatory, or even the staircase, where Dick was in Elysium, and which she herself on other occasions had found very pleasant. "I would rather go to mamma," she said. "We are both tired, and I think we must go early. A wedding is a very fatiguing business."

"A wedding is a very tiresome business, especially if one never hears the end of it," said Ernest; and he left Nelly by her mother's side with considerable dudgeon.

Instead of crying, however, she had to smile, and to look pleased when Mrs. Barclay brought some new piece of emptiness up to her with a simper on its countenance and a flower in its coat.

"You must not really go yet. I cannot have Nelly carried off in the midst of the fun," said Mrs. Barclay; "how can you be so hard-hearted?" and Nelly's mother had to smile too, and yield. Such things, I suppose, will happen at balls everywhere, now and then, till the end of the world.

After this great event there followed another lull—a lull of strange calm and quiet, almost incomprehensible to the family after the curious interval of suppressed excitement through which they had passed, and which seemed to have made an atmosphere of secrecy and mystery congenial to them. Jenny returned to Oxford; Dick, who was approaching his final examination, was once more kept to his work by every one in the house with a zeal, which his mother, who began now to feel the separation approaching, felt almost cruel—though moved by stern force of duty, she herself was foremost in the effort. The only comfort in the matter Dick himself felt was, that after this there would be no more Exams—a fond hope in which, as the better-instructed reader knows, a Competition Wallah, with all the horrors of Tamil and Telugu before him, would soon discover himself to be disappointed. In the meantime, an additional torment was added to him, in being recommended by everybody who "took an interest" in his success, to read books about India in the few leisure hours which had hitherto been dissipated by the aid of Mr. Mudie. Dick did not object to "Tara: a Maharratta Tale," but he kicked at the history and travels in India which Mrs. Everard disinterred from her shelves for his benefit.

"I shall make out all about it when I get there," he said, piteously. "Why should a fellow be compelled to remember every half-hour of the day that he is going to India? I shan't have home so very much longer. You may let me have a little peace as long as I am here."

Other matters, too, besides Dick's training began to ripen toward a crisis. Mr. Justice Molyneux had, as has been said, gained that elevation which all his friends had foreseen for him, and the family had proportionately risen in importance, and it had become a matter of remark among the friends of both parties that the engagement between Nelly and Ernest had lasted quite long enough. "What are they waiting for?" everybody said. Most people had a high opinion of the young man's powers, if he could only be prevailed upon to set to work. His articles in the *Piccadilly* were a proof that he could express himself as forcibly and much more elegantly than his father, who in his day had been a perfect master of the British jury, and whose summings-up were now cited as models of clear-headedness—not elegant—but forcible and clear in the highest degree. The son of such a father, with the powers which Ernest was known to possess, and with all the advantages derived from his position, could not fail to have a fine career before him. "What are they waiting for?" Mr. Parchemin, who was Mrs. Eastwood's financial adviser, one day took upon him to say. "These long engagements are always doubtful things, but sometimes there may be occasion for them—a clergyman, for instance. But in this case there seems no reason. You must pardon me for my plain speaking, as I have always taken an interest in Nelly. But what are they waiting for?"

"I suppose," said Mrs. Eastwood, who was sore on this subject, "till Mr. Molyneux has fairly entered upon his career."

"His career! My dear madame, a career does not come to any man; he must go and look after it," said Mr. Parchemin. "I should have offered my services—any little interest I have with the solicitors—long ago, if I had not thought it quite unnecessary in the case of his father's son."

"I am afraid I cannot interfere," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I don't wish to get rid of my daughter."

"But, my dear madame, you prefer her being comfortably settled, I suppose," said the financial counselor.

And, indeed, he expressed the opinions of



Mrs. Eastwood's advisers. Mrs. Everard was still more decided and emphatic.

"I should speak to him, and ask him what he means," she said. "I should not put up with any shilly-shally. Nelly's happiness ought to be a great deal more to you than any nonsensical scruples of delicacy. I should ask him what he means."

"I do not hold Nelly so cheap," cried Mrs. Eastwood, with a little flush of anger. "I think the best man in the world is not too good for Nelly. And he ought to ask her from me, not compel me to thrust her upon him. No, not if he was the only man in the world!"

"For my part, I should not be so scrupulous," said Mrs. Everard. "I would not stand on my dignity when my child's happiness was involved. If Nelly likes him, she should have him—or I would know the reason why!"

"One can only act according to one's nature," said Mrs. Eastwood, less amenable than usual to her friend's persuasion. But the fact that everybody did remark and wonder, made her doubly angry with herself and every one. The long engagement, was it—or something else? Certainly, as day by day went on, Nelly grew more and more like one who drags a lengthening chain.

Jane, the housemaid, the most insignificant member of the household, became also at this time an embarrassment and trouble. With a strong desire to keep everything quiet, and hope that it might be accomplished, Mrs. Eastwood had recommended Nelly to make experiment of her powers as lady's maid; and Nelly, half reluctant, had consented.

"I hear you want to try another kind of situation," Nelly said to her. "Come and help me while I dress, and then I shall be able to tell what you can do."

"It ain't that I want another sort of situation—I want to be maid to my lady," said Jane.

"Well, it would be much finer, of course, than being maid to me," said Nelly, laughing; "but you had better try your skill on me first. If we come to grief it will not be of so much consequence." This she said merrily, being less impressed than her mother was, and much less than the young woman herself was, with Jane's harm-doing powers.

"That ain't my meaning, miss," said Jane, very solemnly. "I mightn't know enough for you, but I know plenty for my lady. It's a different thing. My friends all tell me as it's my own fault if my fortune's not made. I know enough for my Lady Longueville—ay, and more than enough, if all was said."

"It seems to me you are rather impertinent," said Nelly, reddening. "I don't know what you mean by it. I will take you on trial, if you like, because mamma wishes it; but Lady Longueville, you may be sure, will not have you, unless you give proof of your knowledge more satisfactory than words."

"Oh, there's sometimes a deal of use in words, miss," said Jane, oracularly.

Nelly went down-stairs tuning to her mother, demanding that she should be sent away.

"Send away Jane! Nelly, you are crazy. I might have let her go with innocent, trusting that Sir Alexis would be able to manage her; but otherwise she must stay under my own eye. Think, Nelly, what she knows! She heard what innocent said, every word."

"She is very impertinent," said Nelly. "If you keep her she will grow more and more so, and one day or other she will do the worst she can. Why should you pay any attention to her? Send her away, and let her do her worst!"

"Not for the world!" cried her mother. They had an argument about it which almost came to a quarrel; but the result was that Nelly was vanquished, and Jane staid.

(To be continued.)

## THE MODOC WARRIORS.

THE surrender of Captain Jack, with the principal warriors of the Modoc tribe, was supposed to fore-shadow the termination of our long-borne Indian troubles. It will be remembered that General Davis was about to execute the prominent captives, when a dispatch arrived from Washington, bidding him hold them as prisoners until further instructions. The principal captive, of course, is Captain Jack. He is about forty years old, five feet eight inches in height, and of very firm, stalwart build. His head is large, and quite square; eyes black; lips thin, and clean cut, and his *tout ensemble* is particularly striking.

Boston Charley appears to be between twenty-five and thirty years old, but his features and demeanor present no peculiarities. He is the murderer of Dr. Thomas, the Peace Commissioner.

Shack-Nasty Jim is the son of an old chief, and was the instigator of the rebellion against Captain Jack.

Hooker, or Hooka Jim, the Lost River murderer, chased Commissioner Dwyer at the time of the Canby tragedy, but at the sight of Dwyer's pistol he turned and fled.

Scar-faced Charley is probably the only Modoc deserving any consideration. He protected Judge Steele, and aided General Davis materially in effecting the surrender of Jack himself. It is said that he was never guilty of a treacherous act, and that he was brave and faithful.

Donald McKay, the scout, is a half-breed Indian of the Warm Spring tribe, an intelligent-looking fellow, and in this instance true to the special confidence bestowed upon himself and warriors.

One-eyed Dixie is a Modoc squaw, who left her people, and acted as interpreter in the various interviews between the Commissioners and captives.

John Schonchin was designated by Captain Jack as the person to attract the attention of the Commissioners at a preconcerted signal. After the introductory speeches, he stepped forward and began an elaborate "talk," when suddenly Jack shot General Canby in the face. Schonchin then fired upon Commissioner Meacham, wounding him severely.

Steamboat Frank, after the surrender of the first batch of Modocs, performed signal service by conducting the scouting party to Jack's second retreat.

Curly-headed Doctor is the medicine man of the Modocs, who does not appear to have taken an active part in the massacre.

Bogus Charley conducted the Commissioners and escort to the locality of the subsequent treachery, but afterward assisted in bringing about the surrender of the more prominent savages.

## THE WALWORTH TRIAL.

THE trial of Frank H. Walworth, charged with the murder of his father, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, on the morning of the 3d of June, was begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, New York City, on Wednesday, June 25th, before Judge Davis. Ex-District-Attorney Garvin, Charles O'Connor, Wm. A. Beach, and General Henry A. Davies, Jr., appeared as counsel for the prisoner. Chief Justice Barbour, a relative of the family, sat near the

accused, and Mrs. Walworth, accompanied by Father Walworth, brother of the deceased, the Rev. Mr. Barker, of Schenectady, and her son, aged seven years, were in close proximity. Frank was attired in a suit of black, and manifested the greatest coolness throughout the trial, except when allusions were made to the cruel treatment of his mother by his father, and then he appeared broken down with grief. The prosecution was conducted by Assistant District-Attorney Rollins, who, after a brief address to the jury, called for witnesses Mrs. Eliza Simms, of whom the deceased hired his apartments on Fourth Avenue; Hooper C. Barrett, clerk of the Sturtevant House, where the tragedy was enacted; William H. Amos, a bell-man of the hotel; Charles W. Doolittle, steward; Dr. S. A. Childs, the physician summoned immediately after the murder; Police Sergeant King, and Coroner Young. Their testimony simply established the facts already published in this newspaper.

Mr. William A. Beach opened the case on the part of the defense the same afternoon, and concluded his address by the hour of adjournment. On Thursday several relatives of the family were called to substantiate Frank's good character, and bring out the course of treatment his mother and himself had long been subjected to by the deceased.

The chief interest, as far as the usual court curiosity goes, was the appearance of Mrs. Walworth, who was examined at length. The leading events of her married life, so far as connected with her husband, were brought out, and many of the insulting and threatening letters, to which allusions were made by Frank at the time of the murder, presented in evidence. On reassembling Friday morning her testimony was continued. A large number of threatening and insulting letters were read, and the case was adjourned till Monday.

## OBITUARY.

### HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS, the American sculptor, who is famous for his statue of the "Greek Slave," died in Florence, Italy, June 27th. He was fifty-eight years of age. His father, Hiram Powers, was a Vermont farmer, with a large family. Hiram secured the rudiments of an education at a district school, and a knowledge of the general principles of drawing. The death of the father left him destitute, and he sought employment at Cincinnati in the reading-room of a hotel. He was then employed to repair and clean clocks. Having become acquainted with a Prussian sculptor, who was engaged at Cincinnati on a bust of General Jackson, he acquired from this man a taste and knowledge of modeling in clay, and executed several busts and medallions.

For seven years Mr. Powers had charge of the wax-work department of the Western Museum at Cincinnati. In 1835 he made a journey to Washington, where he was actively engaged in modeling busts of prominent men. During his residence at Cincinnati he had formed the acquaintance of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, through whose assistance, and with the money which his occupation had enabled him to save, he undertook a journey to Florence. During the remainder of his life he continued to reside in Italy, devoting himself to modeling busts. After a year's residence, he produced his statue of Eve. Thorwaldsen pronounced it a masterpiece.

A year afterward he produced the model of his Greek Slave. This is the most popular of his works, and was often copied by him. He has produced the Fisher Boy, of which there have been three repetitions in marble; Il Penseroso; Proserpine, a bust; California; America, modeled for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England; statues of Washington and Calhoun, and the Indian Girl. The bronze statue of Webster, which now adorns the State House grounds at Boston, is one of his latest works.

Bayard Taylor gives the following estimate of him, written from Florence:

"I shall begin with our sculptors, and with their veteran chief, Powers, whose new studio, on the hill outside the Roman gate, is one of the shrines to which all American travelers flock. Powers has made no new ideal figure since the Indian Girl—the last of the Race—which I described in a letter to *The Tribune* five years ago; but many admirable busts testify that his eye has not lost its clear perception of character, nor his hand its former cunning. His head of Longfellow, especially, is a work which the coming generations will prize both for the poet's and the artist's sake. Longfellow's head, though so simple and grand in its outlines—in fact, a sort of milder Jove—is full of subtle and delicate minor traits, in the seizing of which Powers has again exhibited his mastery as a portrait-sculptor. Take this head, and Launt Thompson's Bryant, and set them side by side, and you will see that the ancient Homer and Sophocles have no more grandeur and less of fine individual characterization. For eighteen months past, I regret to say, Powers has been an invalid. His trouble is bronchial, and not pulmonary, but it obliges him almost entirely to suspend his artistic activity."

## GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

SAN FRANCISCO received from various parts of California last year over \$4,000,000 worth of butter, and \$3,000,000 worth of cheese.

New Granges are springing up daily throughout California.

A disease resembling the epizooty is affecting the horses throughout Illinois.

The farmers of Contra Costa County, Cal., are seriously troubled by squirrels.

New England farmers are going into wheat-growing more extensively than ever.

The South Carolina colony of Danes became dissatisfied with the soil, and left for Illinois.

Genesee Valley (N. Y.) farmers will sue the State for damages to crops by canal floods.

Wisconsin's burnt district swarms with army worms, and the farms are stripped of all crops.

Corn near Dorset, Vt., is not half up, and the prospect for most crops is very poor, owing to the drought.

Columbus, Ga., had last week received nearly 20,000 more bales of cotton than during the first six months of 1872.

The Spring clipping of wool in Bourbon County, Ky., is in, and prices range from twenty to thirty-five cents per pound.

Last Winter was very severe on the Baldwin apple crop in the vicinity of Boston, Mass., and the Connecticut Valley.

The orchards throughout Maine were injured almost fatally for this season by the intense coldness of the Winter.

A larger area of corn has been planted this year in Georgia than usual, and there is every indication of a heavy yield.

It is claimed that grazing land pays a greater net profit in Maine County, Cal., than that devoted to any other kind of crop.

The cut worm caused great damage in McMinn, London, Blount, Knox and Greene Counties, Tenn., fields of corn and clover being shorn as if by fire.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

### NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—A massive granite monument has been erected in Brunswick Cemetery, Cumberland Co., over the remains of the late Professor T. C. Upham.

All the logs are now out of the Penobscot boom, for the first time in sixteen years.

The Hospital Fair at Portland netted \$25,000.

The Cleveland Museum of Natural History, at Brunswick, will be dedicated July 10th.

The graves of unknown soldiers in Augusta are to have headstones.

The "Jameson" property at Old Orchard Beach is to be converted into an immense camp-meeting ground.

VERMONT.—The Burlington breakwater has been extended 80 feet, and it is now decided to add 220 feet more without delay.

Mr. Horace Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, has presented to the town the Athenaeum library and art gallery, valued at \$100,000.

CONNECTICUT.—Orders have been given for a new State Prison.

The statue of General Putnam will be erected in the Fall on the West Park, near Trinity Street, Hartford, the finest site in the city.

The surviving members of the class of 1823 of Yale College celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation in New Haven, on the 25th ult. Thirty-four members of the class are still living.

The First Regiment of the National Guard will hold an encampment in the Fall at Hartford.

Hartford is to have a Fourth celebration after the style of the Atlantic cable and Japanese nonsensicalities.

The art gallery of Yale College has just received a new portrait of George Berkeley, the distinguished bishop and philosopher.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston has been thronged with horticulturalists from all quarters, examining the rhododendrons.

Work is soon to be commenced on the removal of Quabbin Bar, at Wareham, by the Government.

It has been decided by a court in Boston that if a man can rent a building for the purpose of selling liquor, he need not pay any rent for it.

The Y. M. C. A., of Springfield, petition for eight drinking-fountains.

There are now 19 cities in the State, the last Legislature having granted 3 new charters.

Many of the beautiful elms in Milford have been thoroughly stripped of leaves by the canker-worm.

Fishing will not be allowed in West and Little Ponds, Bolton, for five years, to permit a thorough stocking.

Professor L. Clark Seavey, of Amherst College, has accepted the office of President of the new Sophia Smith College for Women, Northampton.

The late Miss Lucy Osgood, of East Cambridge, bequeathed about \$200,000 for educational and benevolent purposes, \$12,000 of the amount going to Harvard College.

Professor James E. Latimer, D.D., has been elected Dean of the School of the Theology of Boston University.

Boston is going to have children's excursions down the harbor.

RHODE ISLAND.—Providence is to inclose Roger William Park for preservation.

New Providence treats the poor on the Fourth, instead of risking a fire by powder.

It is said that Ida Lewis has separated from her husband, William Wilson, on account of non-support.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Last year the profit on convict labor in the State Prison was \$20,000.

### THE MIDDLE STATES.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The painting of the battle of Gettysburg has been placed in the art gallery built for it in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

A knightly tournament is the Fourth of July attraction at Gettysburg.

Ten natives of Liberia, West Africa, are about entering Lincoln University.

Mr. Richard Pleistan will present a public drinking-fountain worth \$2,000 to Philadelphia.

The colored people of Pittsburgh honored the Fifteenth Amendment with a procession on the 24th ult.

NEW YORK.—There is considerable talk about laying out a boulevard along the Niagara River.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. Charles F. MacLean is the new Professor of International Law in Columbia College.

From January to July over 50,000 foreign emigrants were landed.

It is said that by a blunder the new Constitution abolishes the Senate.

Wall Street rumored that the Secretary of the Treasury would resign to become Parisian partner of a New York bank.

Minister Jewell was bidden by the Union League Club, July 2d, the eve of his departure for Russia.

There are 228,161 names in the new Directory of New York City, an increase of about 17,000 over last year.

### THE SOUTH.

KENTUCKY.—Covington is to have a new Custom House.

A fourth lunatic asylum will soon be up in Louisville.

LOUISIANA.—The New Orleans papers mention the death in that city of John Taber, who accompanied General Walker on his first expedition to Nicaragua.

New Orleans has at last unveiled the statue of Franklin in Lafayette Square.

Work on the levees is becoming active all along the river.

A public bath-house, on an immense scale, is soon to be opened.

TEXAS.—The Republican State Convention will be held in Dallas, August 19th.

Governor Davis has gladdened the hearts of the school teachers of Texas, long unpaid, by a proclamation calling upon them to forward their claims for salary to the Controller for settlement, in compliance with the new law of the State.

VIRGINIA.—The annual fair of the State Agricultural Society will be held on the last four days in October.

The Conservative Convention will be held in Richmond, August 6th.

The Washington and Lee University has received this year from various States more than \$127,000 to endow special professorships.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The State debt is over \$31,000,000, and the Republican Congressmen-elect favor its repudiation.

Governor Vance urges the farmers to prepare samples of grain, timber, and minerals, for the Vienna Exposition.

ALABAMA.—A large number of Irish immigrants have settled in Birmingham.

Pickens, Butler and Lawrence Counties are being scourged by smallpox.

TENNESSEE.—Springfield, Robertson Co., will ship 40,000 barrels of whisky and 4,000 hogheads of tobacco this year.

General Breckinridge delivered the oration on St. John's Day, at Memphis.

ARKANSAS.—A colored high school is to be established at Little Rock.

### THE WEST.

NEBRASKA.—Improved farm-lands are selling from \$10 to \$30 per acre, and unimproved from \$4.00 to \$10.

There are about 200 Granges of Patrons of Husbandry in the State.

ILLINOIS.—Chicago is now to give its poor children Summer excursions.

The Methodists of Menard County hold a convention beginning July 6th.

Chicago cleared \$14,000 by its jubilation.

The Supreme Court Judges elected Sidney R. Breeze Chief-Justice.

The authorities of Davies County are in pursuit of a gang of twenty horse-thieves, who, when last seen, were in female attire.

KANSAS.—A colony of 200 families from Breslau, Prussia, is about settling in Saline County.

INDIANA.—In Clark County fortifications belonging to the time of the French and Indian war have been unearthed.

A linen factory, with \$22,000 worth of machinery, and work for 200 persons, is being established in Logansport.

OHIO.—Cincinnati is working up a Zoological Garden.

Henry Probasco, the antiquarian, is going to erect and give to Cincinnati a colossal art-hall, filled with his collection of gems, antiquities, pictures, books, etc.

Mrs. General Pierce, of Sharpsville, has donated \$10,000 as an endowment to a Woman's Professorship in Beuchtel College, Akron.

MICHIGAN.—The authorities of the State Prisons are to try a novel experiment with convicts. The prison stripes are to be removed, free correspondence is to be allowed with families and relatives, those who are uneducated will be taught in schools, and every discharged convict will be furnished with a suit of clothes and ten dollars in addition to what he earns by overwork during his term of confinement.

IOWA.—A committee, representing 500 Russians, has selected a colonization site in Cerro Gordo County.

The State Agricultural College is unable to accommodate half the applicants.

The first attempt to transport newly hatched shad to the State has failed.

MINNESOTA.—The Mennonite deputation from Russia are pleased with the settlement in this State assigned them by the Government.

Red Wing receives an average of 18,000 bushels of wheat a day, and last year's crop is not all thrashed.

Grasshoppers have appeared in alarming numbers in the Red River district.

### THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco has reported that steamers in China are waiting to bring into the city 29,000 more emigrants.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The industrial fair for the Puget Sound Cemetery will be held at Seattle the first week in October.

NEVADA.—Considerable quantities of copper ore are being shipped from Robinson District, White Pine County.

There were sent from Virginia City, on June 9th, 111 bars of silver bullion, worth \$285,437.35—the largest shipment ever made from that city.

A field of white topaz has been discovered about eight miles from Elko Station.

OREGON.—The State Bible Society resolves to send a missionary throughout Columbia, Clatsop and Tillamook Counties.

The University Association's building at Eugene will soon be completed.

### FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—England was the only one of the great European Powers which failed to send an ambassador to the coronation of the King and Queen of Sweden.

The London University has opened a course of Chinese language and literature, under the tuition of Professor H. F. Holt.

England supplied France with seed at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and France has sent over \$5,000,000 worth of potatoes to England this year.

The recent sale of the Perkins Library at Hanworth Park, near London, produced the large sum of \$130,000 for only about one thousand volumes, or considerably over \$100 per volume average.

"The drain of Emigrants to America," says the *Limbrick Reporter*, "is absolutely alarming. The people are leaving the country in crowds; a respectable, well-dressed, intelligent and orderly population are abandoning their native country in countless numbers."

The trustees of the British Museum have secured one of the finest collections of tropical birds that has been made of late years. It is that of M. A. R. Wallace, and was completed during an eight years' sojourn in the Malay Archipelago.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.—Oscar II., crowned "King of Sweden, and also of the Goths and Vandals," will embark at Trondjem in the *St. Olaf* frigate, the largest ship of the Norwegian Navy, to visit North Cape, the most northerly point in Europe. No king has been there since Christian IV., of Denmark and Norway, who was interested in building up trade and fisheries in that quarter, 250 years ago. On the 18th of July King Oscar will receive the Norwegian crown at Trondjem.

SPAIN.—A dispatch from Madrid states that Serrano, Sagasta, Martos, and others, are endeavoring to form a new party in Spain, and if they receive a sufficient number of adherents they intend to march upon Madrid.

A banquet was held in Madrid on the 24th ult., to celebrate the emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico.

The Spanish Ministry resigned on the 24th ult. Señor Castelar accepted the responsibility for their acts, and President Margall asked time to form a new Cabinet.

FRANCE.—The death is announced of M. Lavalle, the founder of the Ecole Centrale of France, for the instruction of chemistry, and of which he held the management for upward of thirty years.

The death of M. Georges Haint, director of the orchestra at the Grand Opera House, Paris, since 1863, is announced. He was for twenty-four years the leader of the orchestra at the Grand Theatre, Lyons.

AUSTRIA.—The Marine Department in the Exposition is complete. It embraces models of vessels, maps in relief of the chief Austrian harbors, and a collection of sea animals.

The French Art Gallery at the Exposition will be ready by the Fourth.

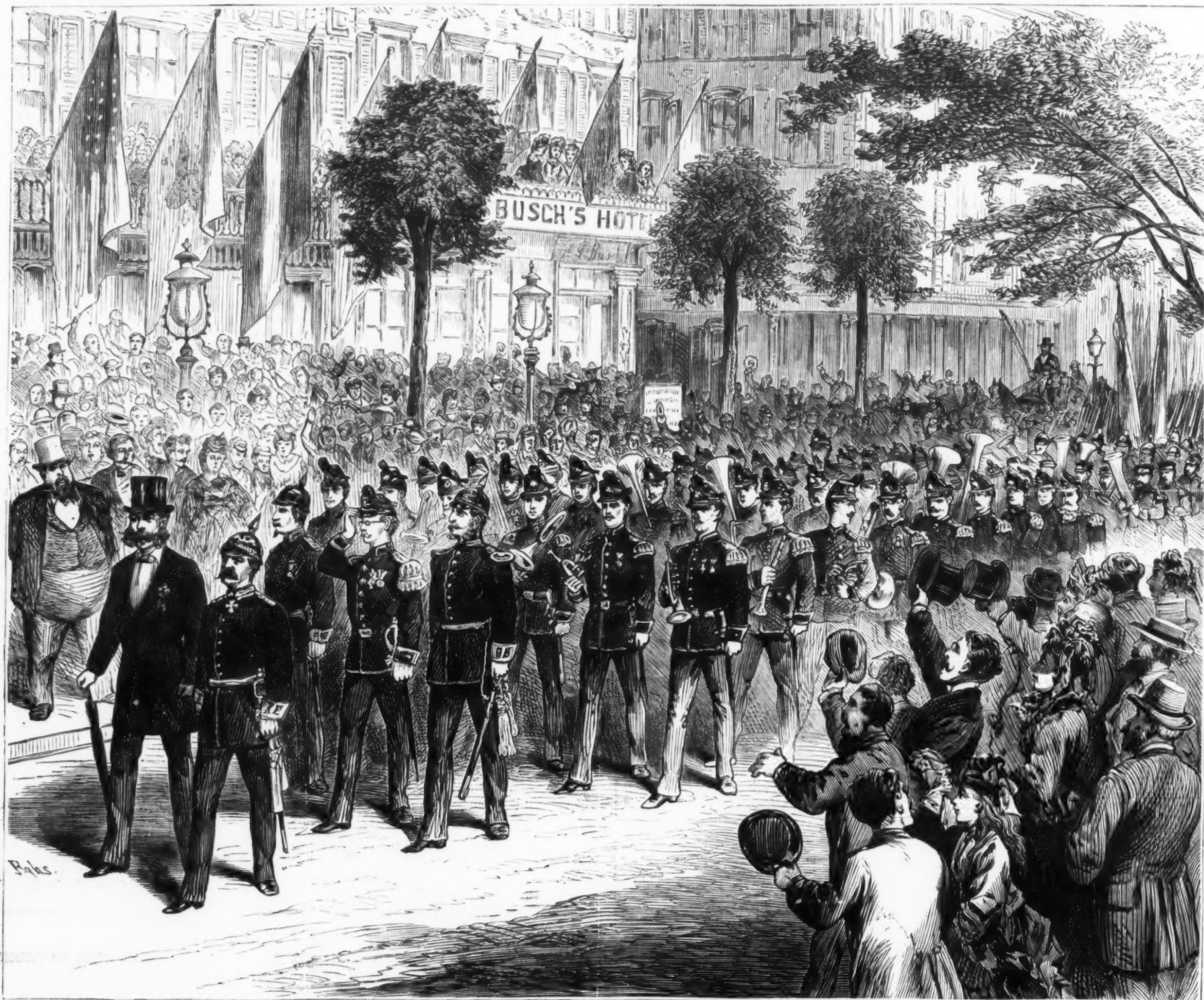
PRUSSIA.—Krupp's establishment in Essen contemplates producing armor-plate. After having succeeded in improving their guns until they are all able to pierce fourteen or fifteen inch armor at a distance of 1,200 or 1,500 yards, they propose now to manufacture a ship-armor sufficiently strong to resist their most powerful gun.

Four new kinds of guns have been introduced into the army; the first is a 700 pounder, the second a howitzer of 28 centimetres, the third a 21-centimetre siege-gun, and the fourth a 6-centimetre field-gun.

The Prussian Government intend to bring in a Bill to make the violation of contracts by workmen with their employers a criminal offense.

The beggars at Treves, who have been in the habit of getting a dole or praying on a fixed day for the prosperity of the town, have struck for double wages.





HOBOKEN, N. J.—RECEPTION OF THE ROYAL SAXON MILITARY BAND BY THE LANDWEHRVEREIN AND COMMITTEE.



HON. JOHN S. MORTON, JR., OF PHILADELPHIA.



HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR OF THE "GREEK SLAVE," DIED AT FLORENCE, ITALY, JUNE 27TH.  
SEE PAGE 287.



ARRIVAL OF  
THE ROYAL SAXON  
BAND.

THE Peace Jubilee at Boston afforded our musical friends an opportunity of listening to the crack bands of England, Prussia, and France, besides those of our own country. Now they are fortunate in having the privilege of comparing with these the royal band of the King of Saxony. This organization numbers about sixty performers, all of whom are said to have seen active service on the field, and held their present position for many years. Their uniform is neat and simple. The coats are short, and with the pantaloons of Russian green cloth, trimmed with gold lace. The caps are similar to those of our regulars, and are furnished with a handful of horse-hair. This, instead of falling down the neck, is caught up in a bunch at one side. Nearly all the performers wear various decorations, conferred for long or specially meritorious service. The uniform is completed with a side-sword, long and straight.

The band arrived at the Hoboken dock on the evening of the 23d ult. It was designed by the members of the Saxon associations in New York to accord their countrymen the heartiest welcome; but owing to a report that the steamer would be detained at Quarantine, many societies failed to wait. As it was, there was a good attendance of the members of the New York Landwehrverein Society, the officers of the prominent singing societies of New York and Hoboken, representatives of the New Jersey and Hoboken Schuetzen Corps, and many Turners' organizations.

The vicinity of the German dock and Busch's Hotel in Hoboken was brilliant with flags, banners, evergreens, and mottoes. The band, led by Hans Girod, was received with an address

of welcome, when the line was formed for embarking on the ferry-boat. On reaching New York, the procession marched to the Bowery, stopping at the Atlantic Garden for refreshments and some musical performances, and thence to Concordia Hall, the headquarters of the band while in this city. The building was cheerfully decorated, and every pains taken by the friends of the Saxons to make their reception and visit as agreeable as possible.

## J. S. MORTON, JR.

JOHN S. MORTON, of Philadelphia, was born in Springfield Township, Delaware County, Pa., on the 6th of August, 1835. He is the eldest son of Judge S. Morton, of Morton, Pa., and great-grandson of the illustrious statesman and patriot, John Morton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

By profession he is a lawyer. He is an able and fluent speaker, and possessed of rare conversational abilities.

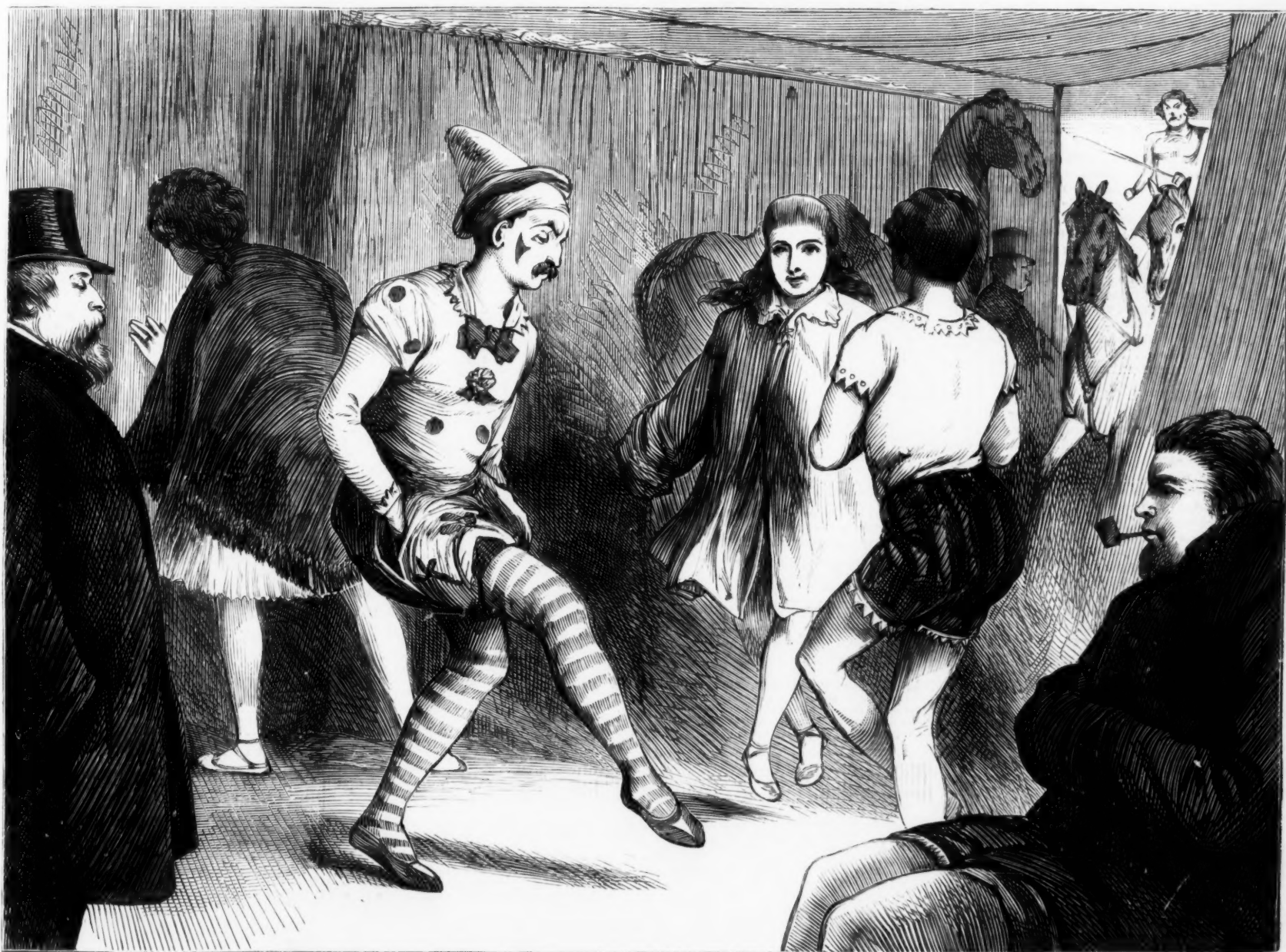
In 1863 he was chosen President of the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway Company—generally known as the "Market Street Road." He is the youngest member of the Board of Railway Presidents.

Several years ago Mr. Morton invented a pneumatic vacuum engine, and is now engaged in developing its power. He will doubtless bring it to a successful completion this Summer. It is constructed upon a principle which is just the reverse of that of Captain Ericson's celebrated calorific engine, and it has attracted the attention of some of the most noted scientists of the day, who pronounce it a wonderful invention. As a patent in the principal countries of the world, it will, doubtless, be greatly used by the naval powers thereof.

Mr. Morton is Democratic in his principles, but feeling the pressure



A NIGHT IN A CIRCUS.—THE DRESSING-ROOM.—THE FINISHING TOUCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 283.



A NIGHT IN A CIRCUS.—THE DRESSING-ROOM.—TRYING TO KEEP WARM.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 283.



of other duties, has invariably declined nomination for public offices.

For fifteen months past Philadelphia has been the theatre of one of the most hotly contested battles between the people and a corrupt political ring that has ever agitated any city in the Union.

Several men have long had control of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and have obtained the passage of many obnoxious Bills, among which was the notorious Union Passenger Railway Supplement, empowering that corporation to lay double tracks on Market Street, from Front to Ninth Street. This was a direct violation of the vested rights of Mr. Morton's Company, and exceedingly detrimental to that grand thoroughfare for mercantile purposes. The original "Supplement" was passed during the session of 1871-72. He appealed for relief to the Courts, and was successful in having the Company permanently enjoined.

The Union Company at the last session of the Legislature procured a second "Supplement," which, although overcoming the legal objections to the original, was still injurious to the community. Again Mr. Morton appealed to the Courts, and was once more successful in keeping his opponents off the thoroughfare; but not wishing to encumber one of the finest business streets in the world with two additional lines of rails, he generously offered the monopolists the use of his tracks free of all cost, which offer was declined. Public opinion has been with Mr. Morton throughout the whole contest; in fact, the people, who for years have passively submitted to the domination of these self-constituted rings, feel that Mr. Morton has done as much to advance the cause of true reform as any other individual in the State. Mr. Morton's known abilities, firmness of character, and, above all, his incorruptible honesty, endear him to the hearts of his fellow-citizens, who fully appreciate his worth.

#### SANS GLOVES—SANS CORSETS.

THE latest French-made dresses are dresses no more; they are mere drapings with the fearfully low necks, absence of all sleeves, strap going over the naked shoulder, joining the dress at the small of the back and pit of the stomach. The skirt is strangely and wonderfully hung. It caps and folds; it is caught high at the hip, or in the back, and is shaped tightly about the entire figure. From beneath this drapery streams out a two-yard train. Out-door costumes are made, so far as the drapery is concerned, in the same style.

These fashions demand revolving pedestals and what dancers term the "slow movement." No dress of this kind could be taken on its owner's back in a hurry anywhere. Of course, corsets, and a good many other articles of underwear hitherto deemed indispensable, will have to be taken off for the "Empire" waist. At a very swell wedding reception lately the high-toned belles held their arms like trussed fowls, to prevent the silk and lace suspenders that did duty as dress-waists from falling off their shoulders. The same bridal party were, to the number of a dozen, photographed, and if I were to send a copy up to Connecticut, I'd not only be prayed for in the churches as one lost, but I'd be liable to indictment for sending indecent pictures by mail.

#### VENICE BY TORCHLIGHT.

VENICE is perhaps the only place where you could see such a torchlight procession (writes a correspondent,) as we saw the other night. It was gotten up for some charitable object, and was supported by all the "forestieri" or strangers in the city, whether for the charity or the novelty of the thing I leave you to guess. The grand canal or street of the nobles is two hundred feet wide, and capable, therefore, of allowing numbers of boats to go abreast. You know the gondoliers stand up to row, and take very little room in the water. A steamer, gayly decorated, was placed in the middle on each side of a large boat containing bands and singers; then on each side and behind for a long way were gondolas, lighted up in every way Chinese lanterns can do it. The music struck up, and the procession glided along the water. Alternately pieces by the band, and national songs sung by a good chorus, till we arrived at the Rialto, the bridge across the grand canal. Then all stopped, and the thousands of people on the bridge and sides of the canal were quite still, while the singers treated us to the best out-door musical performance I have heard.

#### WONDERFUL GLASSES.

A PAIR of opera-glasses lost a long time ago in that part of the California desert known as Death Valley, was recently found. The most singular fact connected with them is that every object within range of where the glasses have been lying for a year or more is distinctly photographed upon them. Both object glasses are covered with perfect and most beautiful photographs of etchings of desert shrubs, stems, branches, leaf-stalks. Leaves and leaflets are as distinctly marked as if laid on by a master-hand. There is no mixture or confusion of one plant with another, each having a clear border of unmarked glass, rendering it probable that the sun or lightning photograph, or whatever it may be, was received through the eye-glass.

#### Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Rose & Co., 65 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

#### FUN-OGRAPHY.

##### MORE-BID men—Auctioneers.

To KEEP square with the world—Go round less.

A CORRESPONDENT thinks newspaper publishers must be very plain men, they are so constantly striving for new features.

Q. If his Majesty of Persia took to wearing Scotch trousers, what delicious liqueur would they resemble? A. Shah-trews.

TWO IRISHMEN traveling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad track came to a mile-post, when one of them exclaimed: "Tread aisy, Pat; here lies a man who was 108 years old—his name was Miles from Baltimore."

A DANBURY man enjoys himself without molestation. His dog chases the neighbors' hens, his own hens dig up their gardens, his cows break down their fences, and his cats fight on their roofs. But his father died a maniac, and his grandmother was a respectable lunatic for thirteen years, and as he owns a couple of guns, and is quick-tempered, the neighbors are wise in their generation, and keep clear of him.

"GENTLEMEN of the Jury," said a Western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that if you should bait a steel-trap with a new three-cent piece, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul. I wouldn't for a moment insinuate that he will steal; but, may it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury, I wouldn't trust him in a room with a red-hot millstone, and the angel Gabriel to watch 'em."

THIRTY-TWO minutes from the grand centre of American commerce, New York, is the beautiful town of Flushing, in Long Island. For location and progress it is unrivaled. It has ten churches, excellent public schools, nearly a mile of wharfage on Flushing Bay and the Sound; streets well sewered and curbed; gas-lamps and splendid side-walks; in a word, every modern appliance to human comfort and health. It has a population of seven thousand persons, who are remarkable for their industry and intelligence. It is scarcely necessary to add that a more desirable place of residence cannot be found. Mr. B. W. Hitchcock has some very eligible lots for sale, at very low rates, with the terms remarkably easy. It would be a good speculation to pay a visit to Flushing—only six miles from New York—on the Fourth of July, and survey these capital lots. The excursion trains are free, and start every day from 439 Third Avenue, near Thirtieth Street, at half past one o'clock, returning at 4 p.m., thus combining pleasure and business. Mr. Hitchcock's Flushing office is opposite the Main Street Depot.

It is no exaggeration to say that the New York Tribune stands at the head of American journalism. When Horace Greeley died, at the close of a disastrous campaign, many believed that the great journal which he founded could not long survive him. Never was there a greater mistake. Under the able and vigorous management of Mr. Reid, who obtained control of the paper at that critical period, the Tribune has not only lived, but abundantly prospered. It is to-day a better newspaper than it ever was; its corps of editorial writers is unusually strong, and it can point with pride to the marked success of its correspondents at the Vienna Exhibition, New Orleans, etc., and to its enterprise and achievements in other fields. Its increasing circulation in both city and country, its growing popularity with advertisers, and the erection of its new building, are all evidences of its financial prosperity. More than these, during the past six months, by its recognized ability and fairness, by its thorough and fearless independence and its journalistic enterprise, the Tribune has added to its past reputation, and laid deep and wide and sure the foundations of future success. One of the most interesting and important phases of its recent development has been the publication of its Series of Lecture Extras, many of them, as Tyndall's Lectures on Light and Agassiz's on Life, being profusely illustrated. The popularity of these sheets has been unexampled in the history of cheap literature. The Tribune has also lately added to the list of its publications, which includes, among others, works on political economy, agriculture, history, co-operation, and slavery, a new edition of Mr. Greeley's autobiography, "Recollections of a Busy Life," brought down to his death, and greatly enlarged by selections from his miscellaneous writings. Such is the Tribune of to-day. What its growth may be during the next five or ten years who can foresee?

THE PREMIUM MACHINE.—Visitors at the Northern Ohio Fair, last Autumn, will remember the long, arduous struggle between the eight or ten leading Sewing Machines on exhibition there for supremacy in family sewing. The samples exhibited were valued at thousands of dollars, and taken together, made up a display which was alone worth a trip to the fair to see. After full consideration the committee unanimously awarded the first premium to the Wilson Improved Machine, which was pronounced superior to all others in family work. We refer to this grand triumph to remind the ladies that this same Wilson Machine is the cheapest first-class machine ever offered, costing \$15 less than any other machine of its high rank. It is difficult to understand why the people of this section should purchase or use any other machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

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FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.—Stanley, Gibbons & Co.'s Descriptive Price Catalogue, illustrated cover, in colors, 34 pages, including every postage stamp issued, post-free, eight cents. STANLEY, GIBBONS & CO., Stamp Importers, 8 Luckey Street, Plymouth, England.

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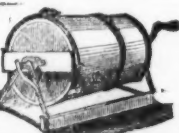
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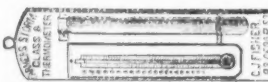
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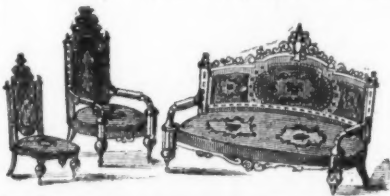
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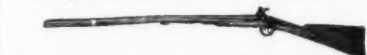
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